McKean County Miner.

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MISS EVA MOTT DROWNED IN LAKE CAYUGA.

Popular Port Allegany Young Lady Meets Death Saturday.

JUMPED FROM A BURNING BOAT.

She was Attending Summer School at Ithaca—Her Remains Brought Home on Monday—Seven Others were Drowned.

Miss Eva Mott, a popular and accomplished young lady of Port Allegany lost her life in a steamboat disaster on Lake Cayuga, near Ithaca, N. Y., last Saturday, the details of which are given in an associated press dispatch published below. Miss Mott had been attending summer school in Ithaca and was taking a pleasure trip on the boat. Her remains were brought to Port Allegany Monday morning.

Miss Mott was aged about 25 years and was one of Port Allegany's most charming and most beloved young ladies. She was a school teacher and had many friends in this place, having visited friends here and attended the annual teachers' institutes since she entered that profession. Her untimely death is a terrible blow to her relatives and close friends, of which she had many, and all who knew her will mourn her untimely demise and sympathize with her heart-broken family.

Auburn, July, 28.—The steamboat Frontenac was burned and beached opposite Farley's Point on Lake Cayuga yesterday and eight lives were lost. The unfortunates were all women and children passengers and all were drowned. Several other passengers were severely burned before the boat could be beached. The names of the victims have been recovered and the injured are being cared for at the home of persons near the scene of the wreck.

The other dead are: Mrs. Homer Genung, Freeville, N. Y.; Carl Genung, 7 years old, son of Mrs. Genung; Miss Zalie McCreary, Cohoes, N. Y.; Miss Lida Bennige, Frankfort, N. Y.; Miss Stella Clinton, Ithaca, N. Y.; Miss Marietta Sullivan, South street, Syracuse; six-year-old daughter of Howard Able, South Bloomingburg, N. Y.

The worst injured are: Mrs. Able, South Bloomingburg, N. Y.; Eliza Tuttle, Middletown, N. Y.; Charlotte Brigham, Syracuse.

The grandmother of the little Able girl lies in a serious condition at the house of the Dills family suffering from the shock.

The steamer Frontenac, an old side-wheel, double-deck craft, which has plied between Ithaca and Cayuga on Lake Cayuga for the past 25 years, left the former place yesterday afternoon for the upper lake points carrying 50 passengers and a crew of 12 men.

In mid-lake, fire broke out in the engine room, fanned by a stiff northeast wind, it spread quickly to the after section of the boat. The crew behaved well and fought the flames at first. Then seeing that nothing could save the boat, they turned all their attention to the passengers. Life preservers were put on everyone who could be found in the short time given, but despite their efforts, eight women and children perished. Capt. Brown directed this work and was the last to leave the burning boat.

In strong contrast with the coolness and courage of the crew was the panic and, in some instances, cowardice of the men passengers. In their efforts to save themselves they seriously impeded the work of the crew and endangered the lives of everyone on the steamer. This is according to the statements of the crew.

When the flames were first discovered in mid-lake, Capt. Brown turned the bow of the Frontenac toward the shore and set his crew to work to subdue the flames, if possible, and to calm the passengers and see that they got life preservers.

The flames made rapid headway, however, and there was great excitement among the passengers when they were driven to the bow of the boat. At Farley's Point there are a number of summer homes. Men from these cottages did gallant work in rescuing the passengers and in caring for the injured.

It is not known how the eight women and children were thrown into the water. It is thought, however, that in terror they either jumped into the lake as the boat neared the shore, or were forced overboard in the rush to get into the boats that were put off. The bodies were recovered near the shore. Miss Stella Clinton waited until the steamer ran upon the beach and then leaped into the water and was drowned. It is thought the others did likewise, believing the water was shallow enough to wade ashore. It is seven feet deep, however. Many others were rescued by the crew and the cottagers along the shore as they struggled in the deep water, unable to swim to safety.

There were individual acts of heroism during the mad race of the little steamer for the shore. The engines were driven to their utmost, which was painfully slow.

As soon as the boat was beached, word was sent to Auburn and physicians were rushed to the scene.

A pathetic incident occurred after the body of Miss Marietta Sullivan of Syracuse was brought ashore. She was on her way home and planned to meet her fiance at Cayuga where they were to proceed together. When her fiance learned of the accident he hurried to the scene, only to find her body lying on the shore. His distress was most pitiful.

Smethport 8, Port Allegany 4.

By the above score the Smethport team took our friends from over the hill into camp at Kane Field Tuesday afternoon. They did the trick principally with the big stick, knocking Painter out of the box in four innings. They touched this young man up for ten hits and seven runs. Fay went in for the visitors in the fifth and held them down to two hits both of which they got in the fifth. Glavin did the twirling for the home team and held the visitors down to seven scattered hits. The table of contents follows:

PORT ALLEGANY	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Scott, lb	4	1	1	2	1	2
Todd, c	3	0	1	7	2	0
Ruskah, lb	3	0	2	8	0	0
Jordan, rf	1	0	0	1	0	0
Fiddler, rf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Gilfully, ss	3	0	0	1	3	1
Lough, 2b	4	0	1	2	0	1
Antonson, cf	3	0	0	1	1	0
Hanlon, lf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Painter, p	2	0	0	0	3	0
Fay, p	1	0	0	0	2	1
Totals	32	4	5	24	10	5

SMETHPORT	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Mc Cabe, 3b	4	1	1	2	2	0
Reiter, c	3	2	1	8	3	0
Schiller, 1b	3	2	2	9	0	0
Estey, ib	4	0	2	1	0	0
Bowman, rf and cf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Wilcox, cf	3	1	1	1	0	0
Dugarin, lb	1	0	1	11	0	0
Glavin, p	3	1	0	0	3	0
Total	29	8	11	27	8	0

Port Allegany	0	1	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	—
Smethport	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	5	1	—

Earned runs—Smethport, 3.
Three base hits—Ruskah.
Two base hits—Mc Cabe, Glavin.
Sacrifice hits—Estey, Mc Cabe, Wilcox, Glavin.
Double plays—Mc Cabe to Estey to Dugarin.
Left on bases—Port Allegany, 7; Smethport, 7.
Struck out—by Painter, 2; by Fay, 1; by Glavin, 5.
Hit by pitcher—Todd, 1; Reiter, 1.
Passed balls—Todd, 1; Reiter, 1.
Umpire—Hardy.

Got a Big Oil Well.

Prothonotary Samuel E. Bell of this place and John H. Markham of Bradford have struck a big oil well in the Illinois field, which will be pleasing news to their many friends in this section.

The well is near Robinson, Ill., and was drilled in several days ago and shut in until a tank could be erected. The well was shot last Friday and started off at the rate of 1,800 barrels per day. It is on a 40-acre lease and is a very valuable property.

This is one of the best wells ever drilled in in that territory. Mr. Bell and Mr. Markham have done considerable prospecting in that section and this is Mr. Bell's first lucky strike. Mr. Markham recently sold his interest in another lease for a good amount.

His Leg Broken.

D. L. Forsythe fell and broke both bones in his left leg a few inches above the ankle while walking down Main street last Friday afternoon.

The accident happened in a very unusual way. He had been doing some carpenter work at the Grand Central and started for home. As he was crossing Fulton street, one of two dogs that were playing ran into him and he fell with the above result. He heard the bones crack and, realizing what had happened, he lay perfectly still until assistance came and he was taken home in a carriage. This was very fortunate because the bones were not displaced and therefore they will knit much more readily. Mr. Forsythe is nearly 70 years of age and this accident will confine him to the house a long time.

Shot and Robbed.

Bert Ewing of Richardville, Jefferson county, a town seven miles from Brookville, was assaulted, shot and robbed by a couple of unknown men as he was leaving the house of two half-breed Indian women. The men accused of the shooting and robbery are said to make their home with the women.

When Ewing started to leave one of the men struck at him and the other opened fire, discharging five shots from a revolver at him. Three of them took effect and the injured man was taken to the Lock Haven hospital Friday night.

Ewing claims that his assailant robbed him of $205. The bullet wounds are bad ones but are not considered dangerous.—Elk Democrat.

Clarion State Normal.

Fine location, strong faculty, excellent music department, splendid equipment, comfortable rooms and expenses low. Write to J. George Becht, principal, Clarion, Pa., for catalogue. Fall term begins Sept. 10.

Lawn Swings.

We have a few of our own make left, closing them out at $5, less than cost.
HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

Death of Simon Martin.

Simon Martin died at his home about two miles from this borough on the Farmers Valley road on Friday, July 26, 1907, aged 69 years and 6 months. He had been ill for over a year with a complication of diseases but was able to be out most of the time and his sudden death from heart failure was a great shock to his family and many friends.

Mr. Martin was born in Germany, January 10, 1838, and when quite a young man came to this country with his parents, and settled in this vicinity. When the war of the Rebellion broke out he volunteered and fought with the original Bucktails until peace was restored. He was wounded in 1865. He bore an excellent record in the army and was an honored member of McKean Post, No. 347, G. A. R.

On December 6, 1866, he was united in marriage to Miss Louise Tanner and this union was blessed with three children, all of whom survive with their mother to mourn the loss of a kind and indulgent husband and father. The children are Mrs. W. E. Finley of Farmers Valley, Edward Martin and Miss Elnora Martin, who reside with their mother on the farm.

Mr. Martin was a man who had and deserved the respect of everyone who knew him. He was honest and upright in all his dealings. He would not take advantage of his friends and neighbors nor of a perfect stranger. He was kind and generous to those less fortunate than himself and always had a pleasant word and a helping hand for the distressed and needy. His home life was like his outside life. He was always kind, considerate, amiable and loving to his wife and children, and his death will be sincerely mourned by all who knew him.

The funeral services were held at his late home Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock and was attended by members of McKean Post and a large number of friends. His remains were laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

Foundations Weakening.

Years ago when the great Kinzua viaduct was in its infancy, there was scarcely a month, and never a season, but some one started a story following in some manner upon the structure, either questioning its strength at the time, or its estimate life, owing to one cause or another. But the great network of iron and steel stood the test throughout the years until the increased weight of locomotives and trains forced the Erie Railroad Company to replace the structure from foundation up with ironwork of perhaps four times the weight and strength of the original, and then it was even by the skeptics, that the structure was perfectly safe and must endure for all time.

But to day it was discovered that the foundation stones in quite a number of places have given out under the enormous pressure, and have split, and this, notwithstanding that the greatest possible care was exercised in the selection of stone when the foundations were laid.

Workmen are busily engaged at present harnessing the wrecked portions of the stone work with metal plates, and making ready to re-inforce the foundations with concrete.

The splitting of the stones is not of a nature to endanger the bridge at present and there is no passenger trains run over this section of the road. It is not a matter to excite uneasiness in the mind of the traveling public. It is simply a matter for the Erie Railroad Company and its employees who handle the freight trains which use the bridge.

The structure is being treated to a new coat of paint as well as having the new foundations stiffened.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

A Sad Affair.

The death of the aged American soldier himself, and an attempt at self-destruction on the part of his son, Henry, who shot his sister and brothers on Sunday in the last hours of his dying father, imparted additional sadness to-day to the shocking tragedy in the home of Major Henry A. Huntington, at Versailles, which has caused a sensation in the American colony and diplomatic circles of Paris.

Major Huntington died this evening shortly after the news was given out of his son, Henry's, unsuccessful attempt at suicide, but the father was spared the anguish of knowledge, both of this incident and of the terrible crime which shattered his household, being unconscious to the end. The prostrated wife, his daughter, Edith, and son, Douglas, whose slight wounds permitted them to pay the last honors to the dying man, were present in the chamber when the end came.

Associated Lodges Reunion, Eldred Aug. 8, 1907.

Account associated Lodges reunion at Eldred, Aug. 8, 1907, P., S. & N. R. R. will run special excursion from Smethport and intermediate points. Train leaves Smethport at 9:20 a. m. Round trip fare 55cts. Returning special train leaves Eldred 10:30 p. m. For further particulars inquire of ticket agent.

WANTED.—Logs of all kinds. Hemlock lath bolts cut 50 inches delivered to our mill.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

PAVING QUESTION IS NOW UP TO THE COUNCILMEN

Engineer Bannon Has Submitted the Plans and Specifications.

COUNCIL MEETS MONDAY NIGHT.

When Action Will be taken If They can Agree—Citizens Should Show an Active Interest—Council Should Settle the Matter Soon.

On Tuesday City Engineer A. F. Bannon, Jr., of Bradford came over and presented his plans and specifications for paving Main street to a committee of the borough council, and now everything is in readiness for that body to accept or reject them at their next regular meeting which is Monday night. The plans and specifications are complete in every respect and are accompanied by an estimate of the probable cost of the work in both concrete and gravel and sand.

Owing to the fact that, in case these plans are accepted, bids will be asked for immediately we do not deem it best to make public Mr. Bannon's estimate of the probable cost but we will say that unless his figures are shaded considerably it will be almost impossible for this borough to pay for a good job of concrete paving.

With these facts staring the council in the face it might be well for that body to take the gravel and sand foundation into consideration. Some of the members of the council are opposed to anything but a concrete foundation because they believe that it is the only way to pave and have a permanent pavement, and will not listen to anything else. In this they are honest and want the taxpayers to get full value for their money. This is a very commendable position to take and those who take it deserve a great deal of credit. But it concrete is out of the question on account of the cost what then is their duty. The taxpayers have voted for paving and they should have it. And they should have a pavement that is satisfactory to a majority of the taxpayers.

From present indications, it looks as though there would be a sort of a deadlock in the council unless something is done and therefore we make this suggestion. That the council, after accepting the plans and specifications, advertise for bids for the paving with the two foundations and leave the deciding of which shall be used after the actual cost is ascertained. In the meantime let a committee of the council circulate a paper among the taxpayers in order to learn what the sentiment of the people is and govern themselves accordingly. It would not be much of a job to circulate such a petition and by so doing the council could put themselves in a position to do their full duty to the people without fear of criticism in the future.

The Miner does not favor putting in a poor job of paving at any cost, although we are for paving first, last and all time. After quite extensive inquiry into the matter we are satisfied that the concrete foundation is the best, but notwithstanding this we firmly believe that a good gravel and sand foundation will last a lifetime and that, if the concrete is out of the reach of this borough at the present time, it will be good economy to put in the other grade and replace it later if necessary.

In support of this reasoning we wish to state that the present donations, amounting to about $14,000, will not stand forever waiting for this borough to get rich and therefore we should take advantage of it when we can get it. If we do not pave now but wait until we can raise more money a large percentage of these donations will probably be withdrawn and then Smethport will be in the mud for an indefinite period, the laughing stock of all progressive towns and cities.

We still have hopes that Mr. Bannon's estimate is sufficiently high so that when it comes to actual competitive bidding, the price of concrete will come within the funds in sight. But whether it does or not we maintain that a gravel and sand foundation is not to be despised and should be carefully considered before the contract is let or the movement given up as lost.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending July 27, 1907:

Frank Andrus, Toney Jensen, Mrs. Elizabeth McDaniels, Benj. Pierce.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Place your order for all kinds of fancy ice cream in bricks, moulds or bulk at Brasted's. Delivery on short notice.

Great Van Amburg Shows.

No tented amusement enterprise on earth has met with such continuous praise and applause as has the Great Van Amburg Shows. An ovation greets this clean and beautiful organization at every point in its annual tour.

From the cold waters of Hudson Bay to the Rio Grande and Pacific shores the name of Van Amburg is a household word and the coming of the great shows that bear his name is greeted always with a hearty welcome.

From the genesis of the show until its present colossal perfection there has not been a solitary season in which it has not led its fellows in the multiplicity and general excellence of its attractions and now it towers above and dwarfs all other tented exhibitions in comparative insignificance, and this season it presents such an opulence of sterling and meritorious attractions as to entitle it to be designated as a vast Amusement Golconda whose wondrous wealth of entertainment is unlimited and immeasurable. The Van Amburg Show has always been the best and biggest, always in the Van, always prolific in leading and sensational features, and always fully equipped with the finest stable of horses and the most skillful and finished bareback riders, gymnasts and acrobats in the profession. The show has a large, well-ordered and well-selected menagerie, containing living, vigorous specimens of all that is strange, rare and curious within the range of natural history, and this Royal Roman Hippodrome is a realistic reproduction of that of the days of the Imperial Caesar.

It may be said however, that to these always prominent and desirable attractions has been added, for the current season, many features so stupendous in magnitude, so overpowering in unprecedented grandeur and impressiveness, and so enormous in the expensive necessary to this production, that the features mentioned, grand and wonderful as they are can at best play but a secondary part.

Duly joined the 16th, Wednesday, August 14, at Smethport.

The Wellsville Fair.

There is every reason to believe the Wellsville Fair and Races to be held August 26 to 30th under the auspices of the Wellsville Fair Association will be the most successful yet. The management is putting forth every effort and general excellence of its attractions to make this year's Fair the banner one. No expense is being spared that would in any way add to the pleasure of those who attend.

There are but few in Western New York who have not attended the Wellsville Fair and Races either last year or the year before and admired the commodious and beautiful new grounds, the mile and a half track, the delightful picnic grove, the commodious grandstands and exhibition buildings. These are in better conditions and larger than ever and it is safe to say that there will be 10,000 people daily at the fair and races this year.

The premium list of 1907 is of unusual interest. Several departments have been added to and the premiums on many of the old entries have been raised. Several thousand dollars will be awarded to the farmers this year by the Wellsville Fair Association in premiums. Those interested can obtain a premium list by writing to secretary L. E. Hopkins at Wellsville. It is expected that there will be an unusually large exhibition of fine horses and to encourage this the Fair Association offers nearly $3,000 in premiums for this department alone. About $1,800 is appropriated to the cattle department, $700 for sheep, $800 for swine, $1,000 for poultry and $500 has been set aside for premiums in the woman's department. These figures only begin to show the generosity of the Fair Association and the money they award in premiums is but a small part of the expense the association goes to in the effort to give one of the best fairs and races in the state.

The Wellsville Fair Association is a member of the Lake Erie Trotting Circuit and the races at Wellsville will be the best held in this circuit. The purses amount to several thousand dollars and the entries are already larger than ever before. There will be from three to five races each day of the fair.

It is needless to say that the Midway and the other attractions will be better than ever and a surprise and pleasure to everyone attending.

Order Golden Seal Picnic at Riverhurst Park Wednesday, Aug. 7th.

Account annual picnic of St. Marys, Pa., Order of the Golden Seal at Riverhurst Park, Wednesday, Aug. 7, 1907, P., S. & N. R. R. will make a rate of 75 cents for the round trip from Smethport. Special train leaves Smethport 9:00. Returning will leave Riverhurst Park 8 p. m. For further particulars inquire of ticket agent.

Raise Mules and Get Rich.

My large Spanish Jack, Pedro, will stand the balance of the season at Corydville and vicinity.

JOHN CONSONS,
Shingle House.

Wanted.

A lot of spring chickens weighing from two pounds up. Also older fowls.
C. H. GLEASON,
Kushequa Depot.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

At a little past 5 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 30, 1885, as Louis Goodman and Charles Pilk, Jewish peddlers of Bradford, were attempting to drive across the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg tracks about a mile north of Rasselas, Elk county, they were struck by an engine used as a pusher to assist heavy trains up the Rasselas grade, and horribly mangled. The two men were brothers-in-law and were in the habit of traveling together in disposing of their wares. Louis Goodman was unmarried, and was about twenty-five years old, and a son of R. Goodman of Bradford. He was well known in this borough, having been associated with his brother, Joe Goodman, in the dry goods business a short time since. Louis was rather hard of hearing, which may have accounted in a measure, for the terrible accident that overtook them. Charles Pilk was between twenty-five and thirty years of age. He married a sister of Louis in June, 1885, the result of the union being a child a few months old. The remains of the unfortunate young men were laid at rest in the Jewish cemetery, Bradford, on Monday.

Mitchelmore.—In this borough, on Tuesday morning, November 23, 1886, of whooping cough followed by pleuro pneumonia, Charles Henry Mitchelmore, infant son of Rev. and Mrs. C. H. Mitchelmore, aged 5 months.

Died in Smethport, on Sunday evening, Nov. 21, 1886, of Bright's disease, Mrs. Susie Baker Nourse, wife of Mr. Frederick H. Nourse, and daughter of L. C. Baker, Esq., of Columbus, Pa., aged 24 years. Mr. and Mrs. Nourse have been living in Lincoln, Nebraska, for the past three years. They were visiting friends in this place and were stopping with Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Carter, the latter being Mr. Nourse's mother, when Mrs. Nourse was taken so ill. She had been suffering for years with the terrible disease to which she finally succumbed, but her sudden death was unexpected, and was a crushing blow to her husband and friends.

"Death at its worst is only rest and peace." Weary in the morning of life while the clouds were yet gathering in the sun, she saw them as beautiful forms; shrank from the noon-day glare and longed for night and rest. She may have seen the dawning of the perfect day, but loved ones left see only storms and wreck, and night's deep gloom.

The funeral services took place at the residence of Mr. Carter on Tuesday morning at 11 o'clock and were conducted by Rev. Wm. Bradley. A large number of friends accompanied the remains to their last resting place in Rose Hill cemetery.

Friday morning, November 26, 1886, while C. L. Douglass, a former respected resident of this place, and Leander Foster were engaged in making some necessary repairs on the former gentleman's mill dam near Bradford an accident happened that cost Michael Fitzgerald his life, and came near resulting in the death of Mr. Douglass. It appears that a log was lying on the dam in such a manner as to allow the workmen to walk out onto it for the purpose of making repairs. While the two men were busily at work Fitzgerald came to the dam and walked out on the log, upon which Douglass and Foster were standing, for the purpose of ascertaining the price of feed. The log soon commenced to move from its mooring. Foster, who happened to be near the shore, had no difficulty in getting to a place of safety. Not so fortunate however, were Douglass and Fitzgerald, who were both swept over the dam. Douglass seized hold of a log and was subsequently rescued in an exhausted condition, but Fitzgerald soon sank in deep water, from which a few hours later his lifeless body was taken. The unfortunate man resided in Tarport and leaves a wife and eight children to mourn his loss.

Bond-Hafner.—At the residence of E. R. Crandall, in Little Genesee, N. Y., on the evening of Nov. 25, 1886, by Rev. Geo. W. Burdick, Mr. A. J. Bond of Smethport, Pa., and Miss Christina Hafner of Clermont, Pa.

Merle, the youngest son of Major John Backus, on being accidentally locked in the hall of the large Backus building, in company with Mr. Rubin's little boy, Harry, displayed his characteristic trait by proposing going up to the back window of the hall, three stories high, kick out a pane of glass and jump to the ground. The Rubin boy agreeing, they went up to the window and after getting some of the glass out of the way, Merle was proceeding to climb out when the Major hearing the noise appeared on the scene, just in time to save the boys lives. Those who are acquainted with this precocious youth of 4 summers, know that he would just as soon make that perilous leap as to fall off the old mare.

Window and Door Screens

Made to order, or the factory grades.
HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

... The ...

Chief's Ruse

By HOWARD FIELDING

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WHEN I was chief of police of the city of Bradbury I had a somewhat remarkable case that began with a very peculiar incident. A lawyer named Fitzgerald Pollard called me up by telephone at headquarters about 11 o'clock one evening and told me rather excitedly that he had just been in communication with Frederic Clinton and that in the midst of the conversation he had heard a sound as of a blow and another as of a heavy fall. Failing to get further speech with Mr. Clinton, he had appealed to "central," who had tried in vain to help him and had said that the receiver of Mr. Clinton's telephone must be off the hook, so that the bell would not ring.

I told Mr. Pollard that I would meet him in five minutes at the Clinton residence. My night wagon was at the door of the station house, and I immediately jumped aboard, accompanied by a special officer named Devlin. As we came alongside the Clinton house, which is on the corner of our best residence street and is surrounded by lawns and gardens which take up the full depth of the block, I thought I saw a moving light amid the shrubbery. I sent Devlin to investigate.

I was about to ring the bell when the front door was suddenly but softly opened and Robert Clinton, nephew of Frederic, emerged in haste, mingled with caution. He was greatly startled at the sight of me, but my explanation was interrupted by the appearance of Pollard, who came panting up the walk. Robert, however, had made out that I thought something was wrong with his uncle and he turned and ran into the house. We followed to the only lighted room that I had observed in any part of the structure.

There was a roll-top desk open, with an owl against the farther wall. Close against the front of the desk stood a chair, behind which lay the body of Frederic Clinton, face downward. There was a dreadful wound on the back of the head, but the man's soul still lingered, and when I turned him over and looked into his face there was a gleam of intelligence in his eyes.

Robert uttered in a tone of much affection, and the next instant he was gone.

Further observation and that high-class [illegible] of Robert Clinton [illegible]

"You and I will [illegible]

[illegible] and I suggested [illegible]

"Why, Captain Kelly!" he answered. "Nothing—nothing—only—be with you in a few minutes. Excuse me—I must—I must—I was at the gate I saw the lights turned up in this room. But the curtains were drawn. I came slowly up the walk and paused on the veranda, debating whether I should go in and speak to my uncle. Finally I decided to do so. I knocked at his door. After a very brief interval he said, 'Come in.' I entered, and the draft caused that curtain to swing into the passage there at the back of the room. I thought I saw it press against the figure of some one standing behind it."

"And you didn't tell your uncle?"

"No; I thought he knew. Precisely the same thing had happened before. I'll tell you all about it. I thought it was Mr. Pollard behind the curtain. My uncle had some dealings with him and didn't wish me to know, so one evening when Pollard was here and I knocked my uncle asked him to step into the passage."

"How did you find out about it?"

"I asked Pollard, and he told me."

"Did he tell you what his business was with your uncle?"

"No, but I found out."

"What was it?"

"I can't tell you."

"Do you realize," said I, "that your evidence is not very good for Mr. Pollard?"

"But but Pollard wasn't here!" he gasped. "We know where he was."

"We know where he says he was."

"But surely the girl 'central' will remember what happened."

"Perhaps she will, and yet"—

I was interrupted by the sudden entrance of the officer whom I had sent to search the grounds. A small corner of my mind had been wondering for some time what had become of my man, but I had not dreamed that he would appear with a prisoner, far less that that prisoner would be a woman.

"Robert!" she cried. "How dreadful!"

He put his arm around her.

"Where did you get her?" I asked Devlin in a guarded tone.

"She was outside there. I chased her clear to Willow street. Pretty near home she was when I caught her."

"You know who she is, then?"

"Sure. She's Celia Burton, the girl that's made the trouble between Bob Clinton and his uncle."

I asked him what Miss Burton had said in explanation of her presence, and Devlin answered that she told him that she had come to see Clinton.

"He was to have met her this evening, an' he didn't," said Devlin, "an' along about 11 o'clock she got to wonderin' why, so she come over an' whistled under his window, an' he looked out an' said he'd be with her in a minute."

This extremely unconventional behavior was quite characteristic of Miss Burton. She was a clerk in a candy store and had been "written up" in the local papers as the prettiest girl in town. Such fame as that must necessarily have prejudiced her in the eyes of a rigid aristocrat like Frederic Clinton. Indeed, it was for a love affair with a girl of very similar antecedents and condition that Clinton had disinherited and banished his only son.

Miss Burton repeated to me the story she had told Devlin, and she made no excuses.

"I wanted to see him," she said, as if that were quite sufficient.

On his part, Robert said that he had spent the evening in Greensford, about twenty miles from Bradbury, and had returned by the last train, but he refused to tell me what errand had called him there. Pollard would not disclose the nature of his business with Mr. Clinton, pleading professional privilege.

On the morrow, however, there came a startling revelation. The cashier of the First National bank told me that Pollard had obtained during the last few days over $80,000 in cash from Mr. Clinton's account and had also visited the safe deposit vaults with Mr. Clinton, presumably to get securities.

This disclosure seemed to justify me in questioning Pollard more sharply. To my surprise, he threw aside his reticence completely.

"My business with Mr. Clinton," he said, "has related to a settlement of the estate of Mr. Clinton's father-in-law, Mr. Burton. Mr. Clinton has been acting as executor, and I have been acting for the heirs. Mr. Clinton has been speculating with the funds in his hands, and I have been trying to get them out of his hands. That is all I can tell you."

"Though the case is clear," said I, "I should like to hear Robert's story. Will you send him to me?"

"I'll go myself," replied the lawyer. "I have seen him several times since Mr. Clinton's death, and I may be able to help matters. Besides, Robert and I are friends, and therefore the son of Edward Clinton has been kind to Grace Ashford."

"Grace Ashford!" said I. "That Robert is a lucky dog!"

"Good-by," said he. They were together up to the time that Robert took the last train home."

"Then Edward, the son, has an alibi in Robert's testimony."

"So it has," replied the lawyer. "I have talked with Robert about it."

"Did Robert fear that the son would be followed to favor and he himself cast adrift?"

"I think so."

"I have always understood that Mr. Clinton had made Robert his sole heir by will."

"That was true, but it is not true now," answered Pollard. "There is no time to explain, for I have [illegible] days ago, intending to draw another. The son is the natural heir. Robert gets nothing, but," he added significantly, "Robert does not yet know of this. Neither does Celia Burton."

"Do you mean to intimate that one of them killed him?"

"Who else could it have been?" said he. "Who had a motive?"

"But Edward's safety depends on Robert's evidence."

"Which I have induced him to put in the form of an affidavit," said the lawyer grimly.

"You don't believe that Robert killed him," said I, "yet this is not a woman's crime."

"It is not an ordinary woman's crime," he rejoined.

When I left Pollard the case looked extremely bad from the point of view of a chief of police, for there seemed to be no chance of convicting anybody.

I went over to Greensford and looked up Edward Clinton's alibi. Even without the evidence of his cousin Robert it was ironclad. This man could have no fear of being accused of this murder, and, assured of this, I summoned him to Bradbury, and he came. We had a conversation in my private room, and the reader must understand that everything I said to that man was a lie.

"Mr. Clinton," I said, "I have just sent some of my men to arrest the murderer of your father. He will be here soon, and I shall question him. In order that I may be prepared to do so, I want to talk with you first. Do you know anything about Miss Celia Burton, your cousin's sweetheart?"

"Yes," said he. "I guess she's a pretty bad egg."

"Miss Burton," I resumed, "was a special providence in this case. Without her I don't know what we should have done. You see, the point is right here: Your father undoubtedly called up Lawyer Pollard by telephone. The girl in the central office settles that, and she says that she rang Pollard's telephone fully five minutes, if not ten, before she got any answer. Now, your father's telephone was beside his desk, so that he could use it sitting down, but he was standing, bending over, when he was struck. The position of the chair, pushed well under the desk, and the nature of the wound show these things. Do you think a man of his age would have stood in that position five or ten minutes with a chair right handy? Do you think the murderer would have waited so long?"

"Well, that—I don't quite see"—

"I tell you, sir, your father was struck down as soon as he called Pollard's number. The girl in the central office did not hear his voice again. She heard only Pollard's. Very well. Pollard lives in a lodging house. The lodger in the room over him was awake at 11 o'clock that night and did not hear Pollard's telephone bell. Why not? That lodger often had heard it, but not that night, though the house was still. Why not? Ask you again. Because the bell was muffled. Pollard muffled it before he went to your father's house that night. He knew that Mr. Clinton was going to call him up. It had been arranged that he should do so. But Pollard went over there first, before Mr. Clinton got home. He got in by a back window and screened himself in that curtained passage, holding one of your cousin Robert's golf sticks in his hand. Your father entered and turned up the lights and went straight to the telephone. Pollard crept out of the passage, crowding behind the desk. He waited till the number had been called, and then he struck and struck again. A moment later he had fled through that passage and out of the house and through the garden and so home. The muffled bell was ringing. He answered the call. A beautiful alibi established, and, to make it neater, he called me up and told his excellent story of overhearing the tragedy in your father's house."

"But, sir," said Clinton, [illegible]

"I'll show you pretty little [illegible] said I. "The fact is, your story was in your favor, and she saw the tall [illegible] in the garden through the shadows."

"And now," I continued, "I've had Pollard from the first, through the motive was a little obscure. You must furnish that. How much money has Pollard paid you on your father's order?"

He named the sum, and it was right, so far as I knew, but I couldn't afford to say so.

"Just about half," said I. "He's stuck you $40,000. I know that, but I can't prove it, your father being dead. However, Pollard will undoubtedly confess."

And at this I touched an electric button and one of my men entered.

"Beg pardon, sir," said he. "We've got him outside, all locked down. He'll tell you everything he knows."

"Wait for me here," said I and left the room.

Edward Clinton waited about half a minute and then he climbed out of a window that I had left conspicuously open. This, of course, was good proof that my theory was right. We let him get away a mile or more and then brought him back. I had him put into the worst cell we've got, and I read to him through the bars a bogus confession of Pollard's wherein it was related that the plot to kill Frederic Clinton had been devised by his son, who had promised to share the fortune which he would inherit with Pollard as payment for the murder and the destruction of the will.

Edward's nerves couldn't stand that. He confessed that he had agreed to share the fortune with Pollard, but he declared that from first to last every step of the plot had been devised by the lawyer, in whose hands he had been as so much putty.

Having secured a signed statement from Edward Clinton, I arrested Pollard on the strength of it, and, though he made a hard fight, I secured his conviction. Edward Clinton, as an accomplice, lost his inheritance, and the fortune passed to Robert as the next of kin. He married Celia, and at last accounts they were very happy.

I READ HIM THROUGH THE BARS A BOGUS CONFESSION.

BEHIND THE CHAIR LAY THE BODY OF FREDERIC CLINTON.

The Mystery of Death.

Oh, death, how bitter is the thought of thee! How speedy thy approach! How stealthy thy steps! How uncertain thy hour! How universal thy sway! The powerful cannot escape thee; the wise know not how to avoid thee; the strong have no strength to oppose thee; the rich cannot bribe thee with their treasure. Thou art a hammer that always strikes; a sword that is never dull, a net into which all fall, a prison into which all must enter, a son on which all must venture, a penalty which all must suffer, a tribute which all must pay. Oh, death, death! Implacable enemy to the human race! Why didst thou enter into the world?—Luis de Granada.

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SOLVED THE PUZZLE

A Cipher Telegram and the Clever Work of a Spy.

RISKED HIS LIFE FOR A CODE

The Way Great Britain's Naval Signal Code Was Stolen by an Agent of Secretary Welles in the Days of the War Between the States.

There was a good deal of bitterness between England and the northern states at the time of the war between the states, and the government at Washington was deeply interested in the dispatches forwarded by the British minister to his home government. It was known that England was friendly to the Confederacy and willing to aid it secretly, if not by open recognition.

Under such conditions it became necessary to know as much as possible of what was passing to and fro between Washington and London in the form of cryptograms, and while most of the matter went by messenger or mail to New York, there were many cipher telegrams sent at the last moment to catch the outgoing steamer, there being no ocean cable at that time. As the telegraph office all such messages were subject to examination and copies of them were made. After a brief conversation with Secretary Welles, the old gentleman brought one of these cipher copies and placing it in my hands, said:

"Mr. Osborn, you have a way of finding out secrets. Do you think you can solve that? If you can, it will be worth $5,000 to you."

I did not know even the nature of the paper at the time, but I saw that it was a cipher made up partly of words and partly of a combination of numerals, usually in groups of four figures. Something about it suggested to me a dictionary, and the thought occurred that perhaps if we had a copy of that used by the British service we might unravel the mystery. I studied the paper for some time, and the more I considered the matter the more fortune I became that the British naval signal book would furnish the key.

I finally informed Mr. Welles that I believed I could work the matter out, but that I would need several days' leave from my paper and perfect copies of the ciphers. The former I obtained without difficulty, and the latter were promptly supplied. With them in an inner pocket I left that night for Boston, where a British manned war was lying. It was my purpose to secure her signal book, if possible, and to return with it secretly, if not by open negotiation.

What I had undertook to do was no child's business. The two nations were at peace, outwardly at least, and if my attempt was detected I could expect neither mercy from one side nor sympathy from the other. I think I should have given this phase of the matter but slight consideration. My chief thought was of the signal book and how to get it.

Arriving at Boston, I promptly sent my naval despatches to get introductions to the officers of her majesty's service, and by a diplomatic course of wining and dining presently made myself a welcome visitor on her majesty's vessel. Indeed, I soon became a favorite with all on board, especially with the signal officer, to whom I told my best yarns, often inviting him to a dinner ashore to hear them. Of course this resulted in return invitations, and sometimes it happened that when I wished to absent myself or otherwise [illegible] to make use of his room for that purpose.

It was but a brief time before I had located the general signal book, a tightly bound volume with leaden plates riveted to the corners, so that in event of capture it could be hastily dropped overboard and lost. The whole was encased in a canvas bag suspended by a shoulder strap. During the next visit I had sufficient opportunity to examine the book for a few minutes and found, to my delight, that it did in reality furnish the key. I wanted—I had memorized a few of the cryptographic words, and with the book before me and the signal office at muster on deck I verified my conclusions.

The next thing in order was to secure this priceless volume. I reasoned that as there was no other English vessel nearby, it might be weeks before the book would be needed and that if I could remove the contents from the covers, substituting them with leaves of the same bulk and appearance, there would be a good chance not only to get safely clear of the vessel, but for a considerable period to elapse before the loss was discovered, by which time it would be by no means certain when the abstraction had occurred.

I therefore took careful measurements, and the next time I boarded the ship my dummy book was with me—a copy of Ray's arithmetic if I remember correctly, picked up on a second-hand stall. That was a foggy night, and I lingered late. When I mentioned going ashore my friend, the signal officer, protested and offered me the use of his room. I had hardly dared hope for this stroke of fortune.

I had plenty of time that night to do the job in a neat and workmanlike manner. I was really proud of the resemblance Ray's arithmetic bore to the signal book when it was properly in its neat covers and riveted leaden plates. Then, after carefully adjusting my prize to its new dress, I lay down and slept the sleep that comes of well doing and a clear conscience.

I did not hurry away next morning—that would not do. I even lingered a little, and finally bade them all goodby.

Pineules are for the kidneys and bladder. They bring quick relief to backache rheumatism, lumbago, tired worn out feeling. They produce natural action of the kidneys in filtering waste matter out of the blood, 30 days treatment $1.00. Money refunded if Pineules are not satisfactory. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

with a good deal of regret, I must own, for they were jolly fellows.

Arriving at shore, I lost no time in getting a train for the capital, and, once aboard, the strain told on me, for I had been keyed to a pretty high pitch during those days in Boston, and I dozed and slept most of the day and all that night without a break.

But I was at the department next morning bright and early, and when the secretary had glanced over his mail he sent for me to come to his private office.

"Well, Mr. Osborn," he said, "you have made a long stay. Have you been able to read those telegrams yet?"

I drew up a chair beside him and, pulling out a cipher of over 150 words, read to him a well connected, perfectly intelligible, highly interesting and important communication from the British minister to the home secretary.—Pearson's Magazine.

THE MANX CATS.

And How They Were Deprived of Their Tails by Satan.

One of the most unique and characteristic features of the geology of the Isle of Man is its tailless cats. Every cat fancier in the world, and every other person who has paid any particular attention to either the ancient or modern history of the British Isles, knows that the Manx cat is a real feline in every respect except in that of curtailed caudal appendage. Why that particular species of the cat family should be so peculiarly marked is a mystery which is not accounted for in anything but the Manx legend of the first of the tailless, and then the mystery is not entirely cleared up.

The Manx cat legend, which is known to every man, woman and child on the Isle of Man, is as follows: A cave on the island was once inhabited by a witch, who, in order to keep up the reputation which such characters have kept a jump out. This particular cat, like the dogs of St. Bernard, was occasionally sent out on errands of mercy. The old witch, as all witches were formerly supposed to do, had renounced the Almighty and practiced only to the evil one, acknowledging him at all times as her sovereign lord and master. On a particular evening his majesty the devil appeared to the witch and remonstrated with her because the cat had been sent with medicines that around its neck to the last of a certain sick woman, Satan claiming that he had been cheated out of his lawful prey by the salutary effect the drugs had upon the patient. Before his majesty departed for the infernal regions he warned the witch to keep the diminutive cat at home in the future.

Wholly disregarding this command, the old witch forthwith set about preparing some [illegible] to send by the cat to the sick lady—but alas! the devil, expecting it to be devoured, watched from the corner of the cave and made a grab at it to catch the cat and thus thwart the plans of the benevolent old witch. As the cat passed on its errand the devil attempted to grasp it, but only succeeded in catching the tail. The cat made a great effort to escape and in snatching pulled its tail off close up to the body. Since that day, as a consequence of the attempt to baffle the evil one, all Manx cats have been tailless.

Everybody Was Satisfied.

Lord Archibald Camtbell fell in love with Miss Janet Callender and went to his father, the Duke of Argyll, for his approval of the engagement. The duke frightened. Nothing could be better," said the duke. "But—er—er—hadn't you better let me speak to Lorne? He might think we ought to consult the princess." So to his brother, the Marquis of Lorne, they went, and he certainly thought that his wife, the princess, should be consulted as to whether she should be admitted into the family. "If Archie likes her she suits me down to the ground," said the princess impulsively. "But, you know, I think I ought to speak to the queen." Her late majesty graciously approved of the match. "But, Louise, I think I ought to consult our German cousin first," she said, and accordingly wrote to the old German emperor. The kaiser remembered having met Miss Callender and approved of the match, but left his letter open because he did not care to answer finally without consulting Bismarck. The kaiser found his chancellor and, telling him of the proposed alliance, asked what he thought. When his secretary had finished, Bismarck blew a cloud of smoke and replied: "Me? Oh, I don't care a hang!"

Chronic Acne.

The internal treatment of chronic acne is apparently one of the most contradictory sections of medical science. Its local treatment is never so because all measures of this character are devoted to keeping the skin clean suppressing the growth of bacteria and removing local inflammations. The internal means are so variable because the constitutional causes have a like character. Thus acne is caused by too little and too much animal food, by deficiency of fruit, and excess of fruit; excess and deficiency of active exercise, and so forth. The victim of chronic acne should change the diet to the greatest possible extent. If she has been a vegetarian, let her eat meat plentifully. If she has been a large meat eater, let her have recourse to a vegetarian menu. If she has been accustomed to a mixed diet, let her during a period of twenty-one days put herself on the smallest allowance of food compatible with strength, and let this be nearly free from sugar, table salt and spices. Sometimes acne needs only a prolonged course of saline aperients. Very bad cases have yielded to a scalitz powder taken daily during a period of five or six weeks.—Chicago News.

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J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 1, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Trout fishing season has closed.

—J. Colegrove is advertising coffee in his space this week.

—A closing out sale of oxfords is advertised by the Rubin Shoe Store.

—Martin Carlson is having a stone walk laid in front of his residence on Bank street.

—Edinboro Normal is the place to learn how to teach. Fall session begins Sept. 10th. Catalog free. John F. Bigler, prin.

—The lost watch advertised in the MINER last week was returned to its owner the day following its issue. It pays to advertise.

—Attend the McKean County Fair and help make it the greatest success ever. Remember this is your Fair as much as anyone's and you should attend.

—The Mt. Jewett Herald says P. E. and Joe Brown took a header over an embankment near Corryville a few days ago, while riding in their auto. No serious damage was done.

—A B., R. & P. excursion train carrying 15 coach loads of DuBois people was wrecked on the Bessemer & Erie road 17 miles from Butler on Sunday. Three men were killed and four were seriously injured.

—Nevin and William Kerr of Worthington, Pa., aged 92 years, the oldest living twin brothers in the United States, will celebrate their birthday today by attending the annual outing of the United Presbyterian church at Rock Point.

—It is reported that a new oil field is promised for Hebron township, Potter county. The Enterprise says that a well on the Terwilliger farm was shot last week and started off at 50 barrels per day and will be good for 15 or 20 barrels when it settles down.

—A man who gave his name as Mike McCarthy was arrested as a suspect of committing several robberies near Wilcox and lodged in jail last week. The Elk Democrat says: About 8 o'clock Wednesday evening McCarthy managed to make his escape. He tore the handle off a pail and reached around until he got it beneath the padlock on the door and then sprung the lock. He made good his escape.

A Bold Step.

To overcome the well-grounded and reasonable objections of the more intelligent to the use of secret, medicinal compounds, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., some time ago, decided to make a bold departure from the usual course pursued by the makers of put-up medicines for domestic use, and so has published broadcast and openly to the whole world, a full and complete list of all the ingredients entering into the composition of his widely celebrated medicines. Thus he has taken his numerous patrons and patients into his full confidence. Thus too he has removed the objections from among secret nostrums of doubtful merits, and made them Ethical Medicines of Known Composition.

By this bold step Dr. Pierce has shown that all his claims are of such a character that he is not afraid to subject them to the fullest scrutiny.

Not only does the Wrapper of every bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the famous medicine for weak stomach, bid liver or biliousness and all catarrhal diseases wherever located, have printed upon it, in plain English, a full and complete list of all the ingredients composing it, but a small book has been compiled from numerous standard medical works, of all the different schools of practice, containing very numerous extracts from the writings of leading practitioners of medicine, endorsing in the strongest possible terms, each and every ingredient contained in Dr. Pierce's medicines. One of these little books will be mailed free to any one sending address on postal card or by letter, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and requesting the same. From this little book it will be learned that Dr. Pierce's medicines contain no alcohol, narcotics, mineral agents or other poisonous or injurious agents and that they are made from native, medicinal roots of great value; also that some of the most valuable ingredients contained in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for weak, nervous, over-worked, "run-down," nervous and debilitated women, were employed, long years ago, by the Indians for similar ailments, affecting their squaws. In fact, one of the most valuable medicinal plants entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was known to the Indians as "Squaw Weed." Our knowledge of the uses of not a few of our most valuable native medicinal plants was gained from the Indians.

As made up by improved and exact processes, the "Favorite Prescription" is a most efficient remedy for regulating all the womanly functions, correcting displacements, prolapsus, anteversion, and retroversion, overcoming painful periods, toning up the nerves and bringing about a perfect state of health. Sold by all dealers in medicines.

The Force of Habit.

"Do I snore?" said the fat commercial drummer, "I should say so. That's why I can't use an alarm clock. I can't hear 'em. My snore drowns the best of 'em. And, speaking of the force of habit—I put up once at a crowded country hotel where I had to double up with an acquaintance. I told him I snored a few, but he didn't mind, he said, because his wife was a star in that line, and he had a 'system' to beat it.

"'I'll just tap you on the shoulder every time you begin to snore,' he explained. 'That'll stop you without waking you, and after a little I'll drop off myself.'

"It worked like a charm. I felt his taps for a time, but finally off I went on a dream of $10,000 salary and 10 per cent commission. Well, sir, when I awoke in the morning there was that chap tapping away at my shoulder regular as clockwork, and he sound asleep. Been at it all night, don't you see? Force of habit."

And he beamed indulgently on the silent party.—New York Globe.

The Bachelor Maid's Keys.

"Do I enjoy the freedom of a latchkey?" exclaimed the bachelor maid bitterly. "Look at that bunch"—holding aloft a ring full of keys. "Fifteen, and I have to carry all of them all the time. This one is the key to the studio building, this to my own studio, this to my club, this to my hamper at the club, this to my desk, this to the secret drawer of the desk, this to a trunk, this to another, this to my letter box, this to my sewing machine—oh, yes, the woman who comes to clean my studio would do her annual sewing there if I didn't—this to my box in the safety deposit, this to the piano to keep the woman from using it, of course—this—positively I forget what it is for, but I know I need it often. I'm simply worn out lugging around a wrist bag big enough to hold them all. I assure you, my dear, that if you ever hear I have committed matrimony you may tell all my friends I needed a man to carry my keys for me."—New York Sun.

Easy.

"Well," pondered the new answers-to-correspondents editor, "I wonder how to answer this. Here's a subscriber who wants to know what's a good thing to take ink stains out of white flannel."

"That's easy," replied the sporting editor, "a pair of scissors."

Summer coughs and colds yield at once to Bees Laxative Cough syrup. Contains honey and tar but no opiates. Children like it. Pleasant to take. Its laxative qualities recommend it to mothers. Hoarseness, coughs, croup yield quickly. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy Smethport. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

A Caustic Rejoinder.

A physician who had for fifteen years been one of the doctors of the Actors' fund and who attended hundreds of actors with no compensation whatever, wrote to a prominent manager and asked for some theater tickets. His request was refused, the manager asking what the doctor had ever done that he should be entitled to receive theater tickets gratis. The physician immediately replied. His letter contained a brief recital of his services to theatrical people. In conclusion he said: "Despite my services, as named above, I should not have thought of asking you for tickets had it not been that upon the occasion of the death of Mr. Blank you assured me that if you could ever serve me in any way whatever you would consider it a favor if I would call upon you. However, I bear you no ill will on account of your present action. I was very glad to attend Mr. Blank when he died in your box office, and I should be happy to do as much for you at any time."

Tom Corwin's Education.

The father of Tom Corwin, the famous Kentucky statesman, orator and wit, felt that he was too poor to make a scholar of more than one child of his large family, and so the elder brother, Matthias, was kept at school and Thomas placed at hard work on the farm. The breaking of a leg proved a happy incident in the life of the boy, as the enforced confinement gave him time for devotion to his beloved books, and he committed a Latin grammar to memory. Upon his recovery he again importuned his father to send him to school and, meeting a refusal, deliberately broke his leg the second time that he might have leisure to study. His heroic determination to learn resulted in his being placed in the same institution attended by his brother, where his natural ability and great industry gathered a thorough knowledge of the best English literature and a fair acquaintance with the Latin classics.—Ohio Magazine.

Why Horses Shy.

The horse shied at a piece of white paper, and the rider tumbled off into the mud.

"It is well for the world," said an automobilist, smiling, "that it is cessing to use the horse for a servant. The horse is a half blind giant, with the mind of a baby. No wonder, then, that when we trust our lives in his keeping he is apt to go back on us.

"His main trouble is his eyes. So poor is the horse's sight that he mistakes a bank of snow for a fierce white beast. A mud puddle at his feet is a yawning chasm. A shadow flung across his path is a black terror seeking his life; hence the weak-minded, nervous, powerful, horse goes through life beside himself with fear. He is no more to be trusted than a lunatic, and like a lunatic he sees a monster awaiting him at every corner. Yet we get on his back, fools that we are."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

How Clouds and Fogs Differ.

Clouds are bodies of moisture evaporated from the earth and again partially condensed in the upper regions of the air. They differ from clouds only in one respect: they come in contact with the surface of the earth while clouds are elevated above our heads. When the surface of the earth is warmer than the lower air the vapor of the earth, being condensed by the chill air, becomes mist or fog. But when the lower air is warmer than the earth the vapor rises through the air and becomes cloud. Fog and mist differ in this respect—that mist is a fine rain while fog is vapor not sufficiently condensed to allow of its precipitation in drops.

The Fata Morgana.

The most singular aerial phenomenon is the fata morgana, a sea mirage seen off the coast of Calabria and between Italy and Sicily. It presents the phantoms of cities, houses, temples, palaces and ships, sometimes in their proper position, sometimes inverted, occasionally at an angle. The phenomenon has been known for many ages and formerly occasioned great and widespread alarm, being regarded as an evil omen that betokened some general and severe calamity.

Curious Effects of Frost.

An egg expands when it is frozen so much that the increased bulk breaks the shell. Apples, on the contrary, contract to such an extent that a full barrel will shrink until the top layer will be a foot below the chime. When the frost has been slowly and carefully drawn out they again assume their normal size and appearance. Apples can be transported when the mercury is 20 degrees below zero. Potatoes once touched by frost are ruined.

An Easier Trip.

"The president of this road," remarked the man in the corner of the smoking compartment, "is one of those old fashioned railroaders. He began as a brakeman. Instead of riding over the line in a private car to inspect it, he walks over it." "I don't blame him," declared the man who was making his first trip on the road.—Cleveland Press.

A Lasting Impression.

"Well, Bertha, I hear you met Mr. Cooke yesterday. Did you like him?"

"Do you know, dear, he made an impression upon me that nothing will obliterate."

"Really! How—what did he say?"

"It wasn't what he said; it was what he did. He spilled a cup of tea over my new white silk dress."

Intermission.

He yelled at the top of his voice for two hours and then stopped.

"Well," said his mother, "are you going to be good? Have you finished crying?"

"No," said Tommy, "I have not finished; I'm only resting."

Forcing Business.

Coster (irritable through lack of trade)—Buy a box o' cough lozenges, 'arg yer! Bystander—I haven't got a cough. Coster—Well, fight me an' buy some stuff for black eyes.—London Tit-Bits.

The Raven.

Many birds seek the protection which the presence of man affords against furred and feathered foes when the breeding season approaches. Not so the raven. Its distrust of us is profound, and its nest is placed in some wild spot far out of reach of our possible attack or succor. But there are other enemies. I know of a pair that built on the side of a projecting crag high up on the cliffs of Rathlin island. Some fierce peregrine falcons occupied the other side of the crag, and when one day their eggs were taken by an adventurous collector they, sharing the popular opinion of a raven's blackness, concluded that their neighbors were the offenders and wreaked their grief and vengeance upon them. When, on their return from a foraging expedition, the falcons found their nest despoiled they were seen to hold a consultation, and after much deliberation they suddenly arose and both in one accord flew at the ravens' nest and sacked it, tearing it in their rage and indignation until not one stick was left upon another.—London Standard.

The Sun, the Moon and the Tides.

Most persons suppose that the moon alone is responsible for the phenomenon of tides, but the attraction of the sun is also an important factor. Of course the distance of the sun from the earth is unthinkably greater than that of the moon, but its mass is so enormous that it has a considerable tide producing influence. The force which the sun exerts is the same on both sides of the earth at the same time, the tide producing force of the great orb being about four-tenths that of the moon. At the time of both new and full moons the "wave spheroids produced by both the sun and the moon have their axes coincident"—that is to say, the two great orbs unite their energies on the fluids of our planet, and as a result the tides are higher than the average for the remaining portions of the month. These are the "spring tides." The "neap tides" come in the time of the moon's first and third quarter and are not as great as the average, because the moon and the sun are each working in opposition to the other.

The Ambitious Boy.

A boy at seventeen can practically determine for himself whether he will be a simple burden bearer for others as long as he lives, a leech on society or whether he will be a broadminded, useful and successful man. If the boy at this age has no ambition to be anybody and is content to simply let things slicker and take his chance with others just like him, frittering away his opportunities to acquire knowledge and caring only for the frivolities of life, he can make up his mind to carry a hod, ride the lazy team of a freight car or dodge the police as long as he lives, or he can resolve to be a man in the highest sense, seek every means for physical, mental and moral growth and development and must graduate into the ever widening field of study and success. It matters little what his boyhood environment may be if he has the ambition and well grounded purpose, he will climb out of it.—Pittsburg Press.

Cinderella.

It was in ancient Egypt that the story of Cinderella originated. Modern, however, owe the familiar nursery stories, directly to the Frenchman Charles Perrault, whose "Cinderillon" appeared at the end of the seventeenth century. Perrault took his Cinderella from earlier versions, which came no doubt from the story of Rhodopis' bath. That Egyptian beauty had prepared to bathe when an eagle swooped on one of her slippers, carried it to Memphis and dropped it on the lap of King Psammetichus as he sat administering justice. He admired it, had Egypt searched for its owner, married her and lived happy ever after.

The Painting Jeffersons.

"The Siege of Belgrade," a comic opera by Cobb, was the first new production in New York in 1790-07. For it Mr. Jefferson's grandfather, Joseph Jefferson 1st, painted the scenery, and in it he played the character of Leopold.—Mr. Jefferson's father, Joseph Jefferson 2d, who, like his illustrious son, was born in Philadelphia, was more manager than actor and more painter than either. As a boy he studied architecture and drawing, and he was also pupil to the scenic artist Robert Coyle, an Englishman of repute at that period.—Francis Wilson in Scribner's.

Fresh Air.

Fresh air clears the cobwebs from the brain, puts new strength into the muscles, a new life into the blood, a new lightness into the step. It brushes away the petty ills that bother every day life and helps one to bear with greater patience. It strengthens the shoulders for the burdens that are laid upon them. It makes the hardest work lighter and the hardest day brighter.

GROOMING COUNTS

But it cannot make a Fair Skin or a Glossy Coat.

Women with good complexions cannot be homely. Creams, lotions, washes and powders cannot make a fair skin. Every horseman knows that the satin coat of his thoroughbred comes from the animal's "all-right" condition.

Let the horse get "off his feed" and his coat turns dull. Currying, brushing and rubbing will give him a clean coat, but cannot produce the coveted smoothness and gloss of the horse's skin, which is his complexion. The ladies will see the point.

Lane's Family Medicine

Is the best preparation for ladies who desire a gentle laxative medicine that will give the body perfect cleanliness internally and the wholesomeness that produces such skins as painters love to copy.

Voting in the Senate.

Jefferson's Manual says: 1. When the yeas and nays are ordered, the names of senators shall be called alphabetically, and each senator shall without delay declare his assent or dissent to the question, unless excused by the senate, and no senator shall be permitted to vote after the division shall have been announced by the presiding officer, but may, for sufficient reasons, with unanimous consent, change or withdraw his vote. No motion to suspend this rule shall be in order, nor shall the presiding officer entertain any request to suspend it by unanimous request (section 41). 2. When a senator declines to vote on call of his name he shall be required to assign his reasons therefor, and, having assigned them, the presiding officer shall submit the question to the senate "Shall the senator, for the reasons assigned by him, be excused from voting?" which shall be decided without debate, and these proceedings shall be held after the roll call and before the result is announced, and any further proceedings in reference thereto shall be after such announcement (sections 17 and 18).

A Fiery Speech.

William O'Brien in his "Recollections" gives this picture of Timothy Healy's first appearance in parliament: "A quarter of an hour after he took his seat as member for Wexford he started up to make his maiden speech—tiny of frame, sardonic of visage, his hands in his breeches pockets, as coolly insolent as a Parisian gamin; as entirely detestable as a small Diogenes, peering over the rims of his pincenez as from his tub, through bilious eyes over his contemptible audience—and horrified the house of commons with the following exordium: 'Mr. Speaker, if the noble marquis (Hartington) thinks he is going to bully us with his high and mighty Cavendish ways, all I can tell him is he will find himself knocked into a cocked hat in a jiffy, and we will have to put him to the necessity of wiping the blood of all the Cavendishes from his noble nose a good many times before he disposes of us.'"

A Singular Dream.

A singular dream is related in a well known British magazine. A woman suffering from anxiety caused by reduced circumstances dreamed that she went to church. "The people began to go out one by one. I looked around and inquired why they were leaving the church. They said: 'To look for the image ring in the churchyard.' You will always have luck if you find it.' I thought I would try to find it, went out and swept away the fallen leaves and found a speckled thrush, and as soon as I took it up it dropped a ring for me. The next morning I went into the back garden and there among the fallen leaves was the speckled thrush, which had just been killed by a cat. It was yet warm I said. Here is the magic bird and the money. I knew will come by post. The post ... I thought, I'll ... in the morning and a check from a friend in the country."

Want of Helpers Be Thankful.

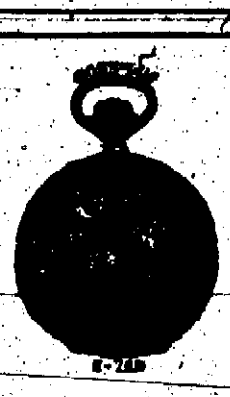
The minister's children were out in the field one day while Cyrilla on a farm, which suddenly a rain came upward down all ready to "burt in." Little Arthur, aged five, said to Dorothy, aged three, "Oh, Dorothy, say your prayers!"

She said, "I can't think of any," so her brother told her to say any one that she heard their father say. The rain was getting closer, and in her fright she said the only one she could think of:

"O Lord, help us to be thankful for what we are about to receive."

Got Mixed.

Alice—She's angry. Kate—Why? Alice—He asked her for a lock of her hair. Kate—Well? Alice—Then, afterward, she asked him to send it back to her. Kate—Well? Alice—And he sent her a lock that wasn't the right color.—Somerville Journal.



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To weak and ailing women, there is at least one way to help. But with that way, two treatments must be combined. One is local, one is constitutional, but both are important, both essential.

Dr. Shoop's Night Cure is the Local.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative, the Constitutional.

The former—Dr. Shoop's Night Cure—is a topical mucous membrane suppository remedy, while Dr. Shoop's Restorative is wholly an internal treatment. The Restorative reaches throughout the entire system, seeking the repair of all nerve, all tissue, and all blood ailments.

The "Night Cure" as its name implies, does its work while you sleep. It soothes sore and inflamed mucous surfaces, heals local weaknesses and discharges, while the Restorative, aids nervous excitement, gives renewed vigor and ambition, builds up wasted tissues, bringing about renewed strength, vigor, and energy. Take Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—as a general tonic to the system. For positive local help, use as well

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Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, August 1, 1907

Republican Ticket.

For State Treasurer,
HON. JOHN O. SHEATZ,
Philadelphia.

For County Treasurer,
HON. A. F. BANNON,
Bradford.

For Coroner,
E. R. SHERMAN,
Bradford.

ANOTHER negro was lynched in Maryland on Monday. He had shot and killed a policeman without any provocation.

OVER in Russia they are throwing bombs in the same old way. An attempt was made on Monday to blow up a train carrying members of the imperial family.

THE natives of the Philippine Islands are going to have a try at self-government and at present the prospects are not very bright for the success of the venture. Outside of those who are looking for political jobs there is very little interest taken in the coming election.

A FIRE on Coney Island early Sunday morning did $1,000,000 damage in the amusement district. Tilyou's Steeplechase Park and a number of small hotels were destroyed and, for a time Luna Park and Dreamland were in danger. Three people were injured, one perhaps fatally.

EIGHTEEN persons are dead, and at least 15 are seriously injured as the result of a fire early Monday morning in a tenement house in New York. All of the occupants of the house were Italians. There is no clue to the origin of the blaze. It is said that the fire was probably the result of a bomb explosion in a grocery store in the basement of the building, but the police, after a careful investigation, said that there was no evidence to sustain this theory or to show that the fire was of incendiary origin.

CALEB POWERS is again on trial in Scott county, Ky., for the murder of William Goebel. This is the fourth trial for Powers within the last seven years, not including an appeal to the United States Supreme Court. This case has attracted attention throughout the country by reason of the great political significance attaching to it, the determined fight put up by the prosecution and the equally determined stand taken by Powers and his friends. William Goebel, the Democratic contestant for the office of governor of Kentucky, was assassinated as he entered the grounds of the State House at Frankfort on the morning of January 30, the day on which the legislature was to decide whether Governor Taylor should be installed and Goebel declared governor of Kentucky.

THE acquittal of Haywood at Boise is not, under the circumstances, surprising. The chief testimony was by a man who admitted so many revolting misdeeds that many thought he was actuated by sheer bravado in making himself out the greatest criminal alive that he could not possibly have committed all the murders which he so smilingly admitted. The value of his evidence depended on corroboration, and though there was more or less of this, it was generally of an indirect sort. The charge of the trial judge was distinctly in favor of the accused, although some of his rulings as to the admissibility of evidence in the earlier stages of the trial had led some to suppose he was rather biased in favor of the prosecution. The task of the jury was one of the most difficult in our legal history. They had to sift an enormous mass of testimony that was not entirely cumulative in any direction. It is evident that they considered the matter carefully and concluded that the prosecution had not proven its case beyond reasonable doubt. From the very full reports of the trial which have reached the East it has seemed that the testimony advanced by the State tended to show a bad state of things in general rather than to point out Haywood as a direct accessory to the murder of former Governor Steunenberg. At this writing it is not announced what action will be taken in the other cases, but as that against Haywood was certainly as strong as against the other two men, and probably, from his official position, stronger, the end of the whole matter may have been reached. Aside from the mere testimony adduced at the trial there were other considerations which may have moved the jury; certainly have had a far-reaching popular effect. The three men arrested were taken from Colorado to Idaho in a way that differed entirely from the ordinary procedure. They were in a sense kidnapped and this, to an extent, prejudiced popular feeling against the prosecution. Furthermore, there was undoubtedly wrong on both sides in the whole series of incidents, covering a number of years, which led up to the trial. The Federation of Miners has not come forth unscathed, nor has the action of the mine owners. Happily, law and order now seem to have been established.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Light of the Stars.

Various attempts have been made to estimate the light of stars. In the northern hemisphere Argelander has registered 324,000 stars down to the nine and one-half magnitude, with the aid of the best photometric data. Agnes M. Clerk's "System of the Stars" gives the sum of the light of these northern stars as equivalent to 1,440 of full moonlight, and the total light of all stars similarly enumerated in both hemispheres to the number of about 900,000 is roughly placed at 1,180 of the lunar brightness. The scattered light of still fainter celestial bodies is difficult to evaluate. By a photographic method Sir William Abney in 1890 rated the total starlight of both hemispheres as 1,100 of full moonlight, and Professor Newcomb in 1901 from visual observations of diffused sky radiance fixed the light power of all stars at just 728 times that of Capella, or 1.80 of the light of the full moon. It is not certain, however, that the sky would be totally dark if all stars were blotted out. Certain processes make the upper atmosphere strongly luminous at times, and one never can be sure that this light is absent.

Dog That Climbed a Tree.

Can a dog climb a tree? A correspondent writes: "While on a walk on snowshoes in New Hampshire we tracked a porcupine to a balsam fir, in which it had taken refuge. My Scottish terrier climbed the tree, pulling herself up from branch to branch to a height of about seven feet, where a space of bare trunk separated her from the porcupine, which had watched her progress with evident alarm. The terrier made several ineffectual attempts to scale the smooth bark and finally jumped down into the snow." And of another curious trait the same writer continues: "This little dog and her mate, now dead, though enthusiastic fire worshipers at home, never sat near the bonfires built at luncheon or tea time on winter walks, but dug holes in the snow at a little distance, in which they curled themselves up after the manner of their primitive ancestors."—Chicago News.

Processes Which Defy Analysis.

I think that the more thoroughly and conscientiously we endeavor to study biological problems the more we are convinced that even those processes which we have already regarded as explicable both by chemical and physical laws are in reality infinitely more complex and at present defy any attempts at a mechanical explanation. Thus we have been satisfied to account for the absorption of food from the alimentary canal by the laws of diffusion and osmosis. But we now know that, as regards osmosis, the wall of the intestine does not behave like a dead membrane. We know that the intestinal wall is covered with epithelium and that every epithelial cell is in itself an organized living being with the most complex functions. We know that it takes up food by the active contractions of its protoplasm in the same way as observed in independent naked animal cells.—A. Billings.

Her Valentine.

A young woman wrote about the year 1750: "The night before St. Valentine's day I got five bay leaves and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow and the fifth to the middle. And then if I dreamed of my sweetheart Betty said we would be married before the year was out. For to make more sure I boiled an egg hard and took out the yolk and filled it with salt and when I went to bed ate it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper and rolled them up in clay and put them under water, and the first that rose up was to be our valentine. Mr. Bloxsom was my man. I lay awake and shut my eyes all the morning till he came to our house, for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world."

Beethoven's Oddities.

Beethoven used the snuffers for a toothpick. It was one of his peculiarities that he never allowed his servant to enter his study. He insisted that this room should remain exactly as he left it, no matter how deeply the dust lay on the precious musical manuscripts. He seldom looked in the glass when he tied his stock. Half the time he forgot to brush his hair. Every morning he carefully counted out seventeen beans from the coffee canister. These served for his breakfast. When he composed, he would pour cold water over his hands, and often people below him would complain of the water that soaked through his floor.

Free for Catarrh, just to prove merit a trial size box of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Let me send it now. It is a snow-white, creamy, healing, antiseptic balm. Containing such healing ingredients as Oil Eucalyptus, Thymol menthol etc., it gives instant and lasting relief to Catarrh of the nose and throat. Make the free test and see for yourself what this preparation can and will accomplish. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Large jars 50 cents. Sold by all dealers.

If you suffer from bloating belching sour stomach, indigestion or Dyspepsia take a Rings Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal, and overcome the disagreeable trouble. It will improve the appetite, and aid digestion. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

The bites and stings of insects, tan, sunburn, cuts burns and bruises are relieved at once with Pinesalve Carbolized. Acts like a poultice, and draws out inflammation. Try it. Price 25 cents. Sold by Dr. Chadwick Palace Pharmacy, Smethport C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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Young's store is still headquarters for bargains.

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Of Oxfords for this Summer, and in order to do it we are quoting the following prices on the best shoes made:
White Canvas.....at big reductions
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These are in all styles and leathers. It will pay you to buy.
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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC!
I hereby certify that I am still determined to go out of the mercantile business. I shall therefore buy no more goods, but will continue to offer unheard of bargains from the remaining stock, which contains a good and useful assortment, and all for little money.
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Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of
WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS
PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.
Main St. W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

CURE YOUR INDIGESTION
HUN-E-LAX
THE BEE-HIVE-SHAPED BOWEL BON BON
"Pure as honey." As good as it's pure.
Chew a Bowel Bon Bon every once in a while and escape the disturbing disorders of Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dizziness, Indigestion and Constipation.
Hun-E-Lax, the little Bee-Hive-shaped Bowel Bon Bon contains the substance that will keep you in perfect health.
Try a box today. Take no other.
10 cents—The Box of 8—all druggists.

THE LINDHOLM CO.
SMETHPORT, PA.

August Clean Sweep
OF
Ladies Waists.

We are closing out our entire line of Ladies Waists, which means for you a great saving in fine waists if purchased now.

They are divided into lots and each one is marked size and price for easy selling.

Lot No. 1 at 43c.

A good line at the price. August Sale 43c. Values were to ..... 98c.

Lot No. 2 at 75c.

Excellent wrists which sold at $1.00 to $1.50. August Sale ..... 75c.

Lot No. 3 at 98c.

Waists worth twice the price but they have to go for August Sale 98c

Lot No. 4 at ~~$1.39~~

These are the best selling values at $1.75 and $1.98. Long and Short Sleeves at the August Sale $1.39

These are but a few of the values. Others are cut some more, others not quite so much, but all for the Sale of Waists that will clear them out quickly.

See them and you will buy them if you wear shirt waists for you will readily see the advantage.

Also a few Waists to go at 1-2. There are but a few of these and they will go quickly at ONE-HALF.

The Lindholm Co.

DALY & GARLICK'S HARDWARE.

IF THERE IS ANYTHING
YOU WANT IN THE
LINE OF

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,
OR IN
PAINTERS' SUPPLIES
OF ANY
KIND WE HAVE IT.

CALL AND SEE THE NEW FIRM.

TRY CHINAMEL ON YOUR FLOOR

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, August 1, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Don't forget the circus.

—Attend the McKean County Fair and Races.

—The new advertisement of Andrews & Scull in this issue is interesting.

—Read what Wm. Monheimer has to say in his advertisement this week.

—A cement walk is being laid along the property of the Smethport Cutlery Company.

—Oscar Engstrom has had a new stone walk laid around his home on Main street.

—Dr. J. C. Brown has had a cement walk laid in front of his residence on Main street.

—Mt. Jewett is getting extremely metropolitan. It has a theatorium and a merry-go-round.

—Now is the time to pay your subscription. It will save you money and we certainly need it.

—A. H. Kidder has moved his family into the Gallup house on the corner of King and Union streets.

—Mrs. V. B. Bonton entertained a number of friends on Monday in honor of her sister, Mrs. John J. Miller.

—Mrs. M. M. Gillette and Mrs. W. O. Hamlin entertained a number of friends at cards yesterday afternoon.

—Some one could make a good thing by sprinkling Main street. Popular subscription would pay well for the work.

—Kane voted for the $60,000 bond issue for a new school building by a large majority, which shows that town to be progressive.

—E. W. Strong and family, George Denning and family and John Carlon and family are camping at Heinemann's camp near Colegrove.

—Mrs. Fredericka Lindquist of Clermont wishes to thank her friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted her during the illness and death of her son.

—If reports are true the prospects for an early start in the window glass factories are not very bright, but conditions are liable to change before the first of September.

The Protected Home Circle of Mt. Jewett and Smethport will hold a basket picnic at Riverhurst, Aug. 22. Everybody cordially invited to fill their baskets and join in having a good time.

—Misses Belva Gerrit and Helen Pancoast, who are in the Bradford Hospital having undergone operations for appendicitis, are both improving as rapidly as possible. Miss Gerrit expects to come home on Saturday.

—Ichabod P. Hewitt, aged 63 years, and a well known oil producer of Derrick City, died at his home at that place Sunday, after a brief illness following a stroke of appoplexy. Deceased had been a resident of Derrick City for many years.

—Bishop Darlington, in addressing the graduating class in the Lock Haven State Normal School, paid a high compliment to the students and faculty of this great school. Its catalog is a most interesting volume. The fall term begins September 9th.

—Next Thursday will be a big day in Eldred. The Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and Knights of the Maccabees of that place will hold a grand reunion, and have invited the members of the above orders from far and near to be present with them and join in the celebration.

—The recent appropriation of $75,000 to the Lock Haven State Normal School assures the continued prosperity of this representative school. Two thousand graduates are now either teaching or engaged in business or other important civic duties.

—Byron D. Hamlin, who has been confined to his bed for over two years, was taken worse on Tuesday and it was thought that he could not survive through the night. However he has rallied and is about the same as he has been for a long time past.

—At the meeting of the W. C. T. U. to be held Wednesday, August 7, in the M. E. chapel, reports of work done in the year past will be given, and officers elected for the coming year. All members are urged to be present, and new members cordially invited. At 3 p. m.

—A horse belonging to George Howard ran away Monday afternoon. The animal was hitched near the Pennsylvania depot at East Smethport which it became frightened by escaping steam and broke away. It ran up Main street to the upper end of town where he was caught. The only damage done was to the harness and buggy which was slight.

—A man, whose name is supposed to be Frank Lawler, was killed near Johnsonburg Tuesday morning. The man, with two companions, was camping near the town. Lawler started to go across the railroad and stepped directly in front of a passing train, which ground him into an unrecognizable mass. The two men who were with him gave his name and stated that his home was at Locust Gap, Northumberland county, Pa.

—A jolly camping party composed of the following are camping on the Allegheny river near Benton's bridge, this week: Mrs. James McGuire, Mrs. F. H. Hungiville, Misses Genevieve Stevenson, Anna Berg, Edith McGuire, Anne Mixon, Sarah Greer, Ruth Walker, Rachel Mayo, Ross Quinlisk, Alice Daly, Margaret Andrews, Messrs. E. E. Andrews, Bevier Eckert, Ed. Walker, Harold E. Backus, Leo Herzog, Harry Haley, Lawrence Morrison, Kenneth Mayo, Horace King, F. H. Hungiville.

Greater Than the Nation.

There is a certain congressman who, whatever authority he may hold in the councils of state, is of comparatively minor importance in his own household. Indeed, it has been unkindly intimated that his wife is "the whole thing" in their establishment. Recently, while the Mrs. Blank had been to Baltimore one afternoon. When they left the train at Washington on their return Mrs. Blank discovered that her umbrella, which had been intrusted to the care of her husband, was missing.

"Where's my umbrella?" she demanded.

"I'm afraid I've forgotten it, my dear," meekly answered the congressman. "It must still be in the train."

"In the train!" snorted the lady. "And to think that the affairs of the nation are intrusted to a man who doesn't know enough to take care of a woman's umbrella!"—Success.

The Unexpected.

A curious story is that of the late Colonel Harry McCalmont of the British army. He was a poor man when he went to the reading of his uncle's will, hoping that perhaps the departed might have remembered him to the extent of an old watch. True enough, the lawyer read out the words, "To my nephew, Harry McCalmont, I leave my watch and chain." The legatee was satisfied, and, leaning back, he drowsed, lulled by the monotonous tones of the lawyer as he read through the long instrument. At the close he arose to go. "I congratulate you," said the solicitor. "I don't know why you should," said the other. "You are residuary legatee," remarked the lawyer. "You will have £4,000 annually for the first five years from this date, and afterward you will inherit some £7,000,000".

Unlearned, but Wise.

"I'm after justice rather than law," said John Dudley, who for twenty-one years, from 1770 to 1791, was one of the most popular judges of New Hampshire. He was unlearned in the law, and his education was so defective that he could not write five consecutive sentences in correct English, yet so acceptably did he discharge his judicial duties that Chief Justice Parsons of Massachusetts, one of the most learned of lawyers, said of him, "We may smile at his law and ridicule his language, yet Dudley, take him all in all, was the greatest and best judge I ever knew in New Hampshire."

The Strain of the Glass Houses.

"The son of a glassblower is rarely found in the same employment," said a speaker at a child labor conference. "I would rather send my boys straight to hell than send them by way of the glass house," one glassblower is quoted as saying. It appears that the character of the men is greatly affected by the extreme heat and consequent physical strain of the glass houses.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE.

This college has recently taken a new place among the colleges of the country. Within five years, six new buildings have been erected, new professors added and entering classes nearly doubled. Good traditions, strong faculty, superb location, beautiful grounds and buildings, reasonable expenses. Fall term opens September 17th. Write for catalogue to President Crawford, Meadville, Pa.

Headache and constipation disappear when Dades Little Liver Pills are used. They keep the system clean, the stomach sweet. Taken occasionally they keep you well. They are for the entire family. Sold by Dr. Chadwick Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, C. A. Anderson Colegrove.

Ice cream and cake 10 cents on Saturday night at Blasted's.

Young's bargain sale is still on.

Personal Mention.

W. P. Eckels of Kane was a visitor in town Tuesday.

Allen Hatch is visiting in Allegany, N. Y., this week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wells were Bradford visitors on Sunday.

Miss Myra Sherburne is spending a few days in Mt. Jewett.

Robert Daly is spending a couple of weeks at Chautauqua Lake.

Mrs. D. M. Sheehan of Mt. Jewett is visiting friends in town.

C. F. Haughney of Eldred had business in town on Tuesday.

Misses Esther and Cora Erhart were Buffalo visitors this week.

Miss Edna Noss is visiting Miss Bessie Hopkins in Kane this week.

Misses Ruth Holmes and Zela Brasted were Warren visitors on Sunday.

Miss Blanch Chilcote returned Friday from a visit to Coudersport friends.

Miss Rita Gorton has returned from an extended visit to Friendship, N. Y.

Mrs. S. A. Powell and two children left for her home in Ridgway on Monday.

Misses Agnes and Anna Barry are spending a few weeks on Chautauqua Lake.

Miss Mary Keating of Clermont was the guest of Miss Marie Purtle over Sunday.

Rev. and Mrs. W. E. Van Dyke of Kane were visiting friends and relatives in town the first of the week.

George Sherburne and granddaughter, Lillian Hagberg, left Monday for a visit to Boston and Bangor, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Corwin spent the latter part of last week with Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Sasse at Frog Camp.

Mrs. F. A. Green and daughters, Lois and Fredericka, left Tuesday for a two weeks' visit to Lakewood, N. Y.

Col. and Mrs. M. M. Gillette, Mr. and Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Redfield and Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Redfield drove to Bradford Saturday in automobiles.

Mr. and Mrs. U. D. Fischer of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, were guests of Mrs. Worley Gifford over Sunday, while on their way to Massachusetts, where Mr. Fischer is employed in the interests of the Smith Realty Company.

Mrs. G. T. Barker and Miss Elnore Barker of White Hall, N. Y., are the guests of Mrs. M. L. Bisgett. They left this morning to visit Mrs. O. H. Barker, who has been a patient at the Bradford Hospital for the past five weeks.

I will mail you free, to prove merit samples of my Dr. Shoop's Restorative and my book on either Dyspepsia the heart or the kidneys. Troubles of the Stomach, Heart or Kidneys are merely symptoms of a deeper ailment. Don't make the common error of treating symptoms only. Symptom treatment is treating the result of your ailment and not the cause. Weak stomach nerves—the tissue nerves—mean stomach weakness always. And the Heart and the kidneys as well have their controlling or inside nerves. Weaken these nerves, and you inevitably have weak vital organs. Here is where Dr. Shoop's Restorative has made its fame. No other remedy ever claims to treat the "inside nerves." Also for bloating, biliousness, bad breath or complexion, use Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Write to-day for sample and free Book. Dr. Shoop's Racine, Wis. The Restorative is sold by Goodnoe.

Slab Wood.

16 inch hardwood slabs only 75c per cord. HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

Subscribe for the MINER.

CENTRAL STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

Lock Haven, Pa.

J. R. Flickinger, Prin.

Fall Term Begins September 9, 1907.

If you are interested in securing the best possible training for teaching or for Business or desire to fit for college, or are seeking and excellent course in Music, Elocution or Art, it would be to your advantage to patronize this reputable and thoroughly established institution. Its policy is to train not only the intellectual faculties but to develop character and to fit for life's duties. address for illustrated catalog.

The Principal.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

Now Men

You have been waiting for hot weather and a BARGAIN before buying a STRAW HAT. Hot weather you have a plenty now and here is

a Bargain in Straw Hats

$2 and $2.50 Straw Hats, $1.25

$1 and $1.50 Straw Hats, 75c

All others reduced to less than one-half our regular selling price.

At WM. MONHEIMER'S.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1, $1.50 & $2

McCALL PATTERNS 10c and 15c

FRY & COMES.

New Things for Summer Wear.

In the midst of July Clearance we are continually receiving the newest style fancies for the summer season. While you are here to get your share of Clearance Sale bargains 'twill refresh you to see the latest products of ever busy Dame Fashion

Exceptional Bargains This Week in

COMBS—Handsome shapes that lend themselves particularly well to the monogram fad, 25c and 50c. Ornamented Combs 25c to $2.75.

~~BAGS—Black and Tan, 25c to $2.00.~~

RIBBONS—Beautiful Moires, Persains and Plaids—widths, 4 in. to 9 in.—per yard, 25c to 75c.

FANCY BOX STATIONERY—A liberal amount of excellent paper and envelopes in decorated boxes, Gibson drawings, etc., 25c.

HOSIERY—Plain Gauze Lisle, Lace and Embroidered styles in Black, White, Tan and other shades, 25c to 75c.

MONARCH AND CLUETT SHIRTS—The best that money can buy, all styles, $1.00 to $2.00.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Stick to the Handle.

You get more facts about not running right at the crank of a separator than by listening to talk. If a separator turns easy, the crank tells you so as soon as you touch it. Light selling the highest running cream separator made—and it's the best every way you look at it. It's

THE SHARPLES TUBULAR

The Tubular is the cleanest skimming, most durable, easiest to wash separator made. The waist low can saves your back—the enclosed gears your fingers—the self oiling device saves time, uses the oil over and over and prevents dripping on machine and floor. **The Tubular skimmed 2 1-2 to 9 tiches cleaner than any other in a National Clean Skimming Contest.** The Tubular is a money maker and labor saver—**it increases the butter money 25 to 50 per cent,** and lessens the work of handling milk about one half. Bring your wife around to see it. Let me give you a catalog with a lot of good things in it.

J. W. WAITE, Smethport.

WE WISH TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO OUR

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

We think we have it complete in every way. Please bring your family recipes and give us a trial. We have a fine line of

New Spring Novelties in Papetries. Also a new line of Chamois.

H. C. WELLS.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS 10 and 15c

U All No After Dinner Mints 10c and 25c.

BELLE MEAD SWEETS

BON BONS JUST ARRIVED STRICTLY FRESH CHOCOLATES

McCoy's Drug Store

Next to Postoffice.

Akin to Love

By LOUISE MERRIFIELD.

Copyrighted, 1907, by P. C. Eastment.

The door of room 14, primary department, opened very slowly, very contritely, and a small, anxious, freckled face peeked in. Miss Orvis turned from the blackboard at a smothered giggle from the children and saw the freckled face.

"Come in, Hardy." The curving line of her pretty, sympathetic mouth straightened with sudden determination. It was the fourth time that week that Hardy Andrews had come in late, and even the children were beginning to look upon it as a joke. Discipline must be enforced, even when the delinquent is only seven and a half. Miss Orvis left the blackboard with "I see a bird" half finished and stepped forward to meet Hardy.

He was smiling comfortably in his half shy, half roguish way and flirting openly with Marguerite Maguire in the front seat.

"Hardy, you are late again."

"Yessum," said Hardy happily.

"It's the fourth time this week, Hardy. Have you any excuse?"

"No'm." Hardy rubbed one shoe over the toe of the other and tried to jam his stockinet cap into his side trousers pocket.

"Why didn't your mother write one for you?"

It was so still in the large, sunny schoolroom you could hear the clock tick high up on the wall and the buzzing of the flies over near the open window where the rows of geraniums stood, but slowly the color mounted in Hardy's little, thin, freckled face, and after a minute he looked up at Miss Orvis, his big blue eyes filled with a half apologetic bewilderment.

"I never had any mother." The silence was worse than ever. Miss Orvis caught her breath and looked at the rest of the children to see what horrible effect the announcement had made on them; but they were only interested and joyous over the diversion. Hardy caught the look and hastened to cover his mistake.

"But I got a father, Miss Orvis, all right. I'm Reddy Lane's kid, and Reddy's a watchman over on the bridge at night, and he don't get home till most 10 o'clock in the morning, and that's why I'm late, 'cause I like to have breakfast with him."

Miss Orvis hesitated, but the blue eyes pleaded and their cause, and she smiled as she laid one hand on Reddy Lane's kid's head.

But somehow all the mornings she caught herself musing about the child who had no mother. It was a tragedy, of course, some strong, sweet page of life from the great city's underworld and only this bit of wreckage left to tell the story. Toms walked to her own house once or twice as she watched Hardy's small, eager face, so trusting and foolishly happy when he had nothing in the whole world to be happy for except the mere fact that he was alive.

As the lines were forming at noon she touched Hardy on the shoulder and told him to wait a minute at her desk, and the little fellow obeyed, watching the rest of the boys proudly from his post on teacher's chair. And when all was still in the great building Miss Orvis came back and took him on her lap.

"Your papa's a watchman, you say, dear, over on the bridge?" she began, but Hardy interposed hastily.

"Oh, no, not my father—that's Reddy. I never had my father. I'm a foundling kid, Reddy says, and his mother rented me, and then she died, and Reddy adopted me his own self, so now I'm his kid."

"Oh, I see," Miss Orvis leaned back in her chair and gazed at the cheerful little face. "And you and Reddy live on Cherry street?"

"Yessum. We got a room with the Battersons, a whole room of our own, just for Reddy and me. And the Battersons have only got one room left for their own selves, and there's six of 'em."

"You don't say so." Miss Orvis caught the lonesome little figure close in her arms. "Is—is Reddy good to you?"

"You bet he is," came the smothered gasp from her shoulder. "He never hits me, and he takes me out on the big bridge with him nights and lets me see the lights on the river and the boats and the trains and everything. He's fine to me. When I said you scolded me 'cause I was late, he said it was a ——shame."

There was a sudden noise at the door behind them, a queer hasty noise, half a cough, half a choked explosion of laughter, and Miss Orvis stood up quickly.

"Hello, Red! This is teacher."

It was the only introduction they ever had, those two, and neither ever forgot the moment. Flushing to the curls of her soft, dark hair, Pauline Orvis saw before her Reddy Lane of Cherry street. He was tall and broad shouldered, this watchman on the big bridge, blue eyed, with keen, unwavering gaze, strong jawed, with a mouth close lipped and short fair hair that curled crisply back from his young, resolute face. In his navy blue sweater he looked like a college boy, but the hands that held his cap were the hands of the toiler.

"I just run around after the kid there," he explained, lowering his voice as if he were in a sanctuary. "He's always home as soon as the rest, and I'm worried when he don't show up. They don't leave enough of a little chap like that to shovel up after a street car fender rolls him under, an' I get fussy when he don't puddle in. I didn't know you'd kept him. What's the row?"

"Why, nothing, nothing at all," Miss Orvis said hurriedly. Just why she should be excited or confused over a cutter from Cherry street she could not have told herself, but the steady anxious, admiring gaze of Reddy's blue eyes was disturbing her customary tranquillity and dignity. "I was only having a quiet little chat with Hardy. I wondered why he was late so often."

"It's my fault," protested Reddy hastily. "You see, ma'am, I'm up all night on the bridge, and I don't get home till about 9, and the kid here likes to eat with me. The Battersons never give him anything, and it's up to me to see that he gets his feed. And I don't want him to go to school hungry."

"No, indeed," said Miss Orvis emphatically. Then she hesitated. Hardy had rambled over to the colored charts and was busy. She lowered her voice as she asked, "Hasn't he any one at all—I mean any one of his own people?"

"No, ma'am," Reddy answered earnestly. "My mother got him out of the foundlings when he was about two months old. They lets the kids out up there, you know, two-fifty a week, and the old lady thinks maybe it would be company for her with me away nights. His father took a tumble off a ferryboat, and just as she was leaving Hardy up at the foundlings his mother flopped all to once and died too. So I took him when my mother died last winter, and the two of us has bachelors' hall over on Cherry street."

"It was very kind of you," Miss Orvis tried to say more, but the words would not come. It was all so brief, so simple and awful, this little tragedy of the very poor man.

"I haven't been sorry I did it. There's always enough for him, and I'd like to give him a chance. He's thoroughbred all right."

"Perhaps I can help, too," said Miss Orvis hesitatingly, half shyly. "I'd like to ever so much."

Reddy's clear, anxious eyes looked at her longingly. In her trim, girlish way, with the glamour of another world about her, a world apart from the bridge and Cherry street, she seemed to typify all he wanted his little thoroughbred to attain.

"I could take him with me over to the settlement," she went on, "any evening or afternoon perhaps," with a swift uplift of her long lashes at him. "Perhaps you might like it too, Mr. Lane?"

Like it? Reddy walked on tiptoe all the way downstairs, his eyes still full of a wonder like those of a dream haunted child, and Hardy had to drag the fearless leader at the flowers crossing.

The next night as Pauline Orvis went up the steps of the Endeavor settlement she found the boy and man waiting patiently. And as she felt her hand in the warm, strong grip of Reddy Lane, she felt as though fate had held it, trap for love, with sympathy as bait.

And after that night a queer thing happened to the teacher in room 11. Every morning as she stood at the head of the stairs, with the two lines of small boys passing her, all of whom the color would rise in her cheeks as Hardy drew near, for not a single morning passed that he did not bear a love offering of fresh violets. He confided to her the very first morning where they came from.

"Red gets them from an old man on the bridge every morning fresh. He says they look like you."

One night toward the end of June they stood out on the stone balcony of the settlement house, looking down on the crowds passing below along the highway of push carts. Miss Orvis was pleading the cause of Hardy.

"Let me take him with me for the summer," she begged. "It has done him so much good, being with me—"

"Some one else, too," murmured Reddy, but she went on:

"I am going to the mountains, and he would be so much company for me. Besides, it will give you time to study if—that is, if"—she hesitated and bent farther away from him over the broad, low parapet—"if you really intend taking the civil engineering course"—

"You know what I intend doing," he interrupted. "You know just as well as I do what you've done for the little chap and me. Of course he can go with you. I suppose I may run up now and then just to see how he's getting on."

"Oh, of course." Her voice was low and without invitation.

"And if I pass and get the Harrison appointment this fall, why, it's you that's to blame."

"Blame?" The word left her startled and vaguely frightened.

"That's what I said. You've taken and encouraged me the same as you have the boy and made both of us love you to death. Oh, you know it's so all right. And if I do win out and make something of myself it's you that made me try and feel it was worth while. Before I was only thinking of the boy and working for him, but now"—

"Yes?" He could hardly catch her whisper, but his hand suddenly crushed over hers as it lay lightly beside him.

"Now it's for you and me. Can I come if I win the appointment?"

Down in the street below some one was playing on a harp, while a ring of children danced and sang the chorus of a popular song. The words floated up to the shadowy balcony:

"Life is so short that when we die
'Tis time enough to say goodby."

She turned her face to his.

"Come anyway," she said.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

DOGFISH CUTLET.

Said to Be as Good as the Best Lobster Ever Eaten.

Dogfish ought to be good to eat, as it is well known that they feed on soles, plaice and flounders. The naturalist Bolling from the north Kent marshes with whom I collaborated in "various books" said that in his boyhood they were much used by the fishing folk and that they were excellent eating, a middle cutlet being considered by many to be as good as the best lobster ever eaten. As a boy he never tired of hearing the fishermen's yarns about how the great savage creatures snapped and fought when they were captured. Lying in the bottom of the boats, they lashed about and bit at the men and at each other. The largest ones would fix on the men's sea boots as they moved about or hang on to their oilskin fishing coats like bulldogs. A bite from one was no joke.

Dogfish abounded at certain seasons in some parts of the fishing grounds; other parts they avoided. Sometimes the men would go out only to catch dogfish just to reduce their numbers a little. They caught great numbers of them and sold them somewhere farther down the coast, keeping back just a few for themselves and their neighbors. You could get a monster for a couple of shillings.

Couch, the naturalist, says he has known 20,000 of the picked dogfish to be taken at one cast of the seine. Robert Chalmers quoted as follows from the "Journal" of Spalding, the town clerk of Aberdeen: "1642. From the beginning of this year up to June there was a scarcity of whitefish along the east coast to the hurt and hunger of the poor and beggaring of the fishermen. It was reported that when the fishers had laid their lines and taken fishes abundantly there came one beast called the seadog to the lines and ate and destroyed the haill bodies and left nothing on the lines but the heads. The like scarcity of fishes to continue so long has scarcely been seen in Scotland, while all other meats were also very dear."—Pall Mall Gazette.

A FAMOUS DUELIST.

This French Fighter Was Gallant as Well as Courageous.

The Marquis de l'Angle Beaumanoir was in his younger days famous as a duelist. One evening, meeting his cousin, the Marquis du Hallays, in the foyer of the Opera, he walked up to him and in the course of conversation remarked:

"Isn't it odd, my dear fellow, that, quarrelsome as you and I are, we should never have fought with one another?"

"That's true," replied Du Hallays, "but that can always be remedied."

And on the strength of that the two combatants met in mortal combat on the following morning, the encounter resulting in the Marquis de l'Angle Beaumanoir having his right hand pierced [illegible] it rendered a continuance of the duel impossible for the time being. Not to be foiled for long, however, when he was about to strike a blow by which he was entirely in the right and his adversary in the wrong, he suddenly discovered that his opponent was a perfect novice at swordmanship and that he would therefore have him completely at his mercy. So he strode up to him and in the presence of twenty or thirty persons presented the most courteous and full apology. Almost dumfounded, the latter inquired why the marquis assumed such an extraordinary course. "Because," he returned, "it would really be too unfortunate if I were to fight with a musette (greenhorn)." And with that he made a low bow and then turned his back upon him.

Rainbows That Can Change Sex.

In many parts of the world it is the general belief that the rainbow has the power to change sex. This queer notion obtains in such widely separated districts as South Africa and Norway and China and Australia. The Zulus have a long folklore story of the young man who was changed into a wrinkled old woman by touching the many hued arch. The Scandinavian peasants have a similar story, and in Greece they say that anybody who runs against the end of the rainbow will have his or her sex instantly changed. In France and India to pass under the rainbow has a similar effect.

Castles in the Air.

Dr. John Wilkins wrote a work in the reign of Charles II. to show the possibility of making a voyage to the moon. The Duchess of Newcastle, who was likewise notorious for her vagrant speculations, said to him, "Doctor, where am I to halt at in the upward journey?" "My lady," replied the doctor, "of all the people in the world, I have never expected that question from you, who have built so many castles in the air that you might lie every night at one of your own."

Be Tolerant.

Do not think of knocking out another person's brains because he differs in opinion from you. It would be as rational to knock yourself on the head because you differ from yourself ten years ago.—Horace Mann.

Told the Truth.

"What did Burroughs say when you made him that loan?"

"He said he would be under obligations to me for the rest of his life."

"Well, I expect he will."

Not So Wonderful.

"Do you think they'll ever run autos on two wheels?"

"Sure. That's the way Willie Chuggers always turns a corner."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hundreds of people yearly go through painful operations needlessly, because they never tried Man Zan Pile Remedy. It is put up in such a form that it can be applied right where the trouble lies. It relieves the pain and inflammation. It is for any form of the piles. Price 50 cts. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Phar., Smethport. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

THE GROOM MUST PAY.

Queer Marriage Custom Among the Quebec French Canadians.

A singular marriage custom prevails among the French Canadians in Quebec. After the morning marriage service in the church the bridal party in coaches or carriole make a tour of calls upon relatives and friends during the day and their return again to church for vespers.

Before the evening dance at the bride's new home comes the supper. When the company rise from the table the bride keeps her seat, and some one asks with great dignity: "Why does madam wait? Is she so soon in bad grace?"

She replies: "Somebody has stolen my slipper. I cannot walk."

Then they carry her chair and all into the middle of the room, while a loud knocking announces a grotesque ragged vender of boots and shoes. He kneels before the slipperless bride and tries on a long succession of old boots and shoes of every variety and size until at last he finds her missing shoe.

The groom redeems it for a good price, which is spent in treating the company. If the groom is not watchful they steal her hat and cloak, which he redeems in the same way, and they have been known to steal the bride, for which there must be liberal pay. The event of the evening is a good jig, in which a guest volunteers to outdance the bride. If successful the visitor demands a prize from the groom.—Pearson's Weekly.

A MADDENING PRANK.

The Queer Joke That Eugene Field Played on a Printer.

When Eugene Field was city editor of the Kansas City Times he found great amusement in annoying one of the characters employed on the paper, Ferguson—was one of the "makeups" on the paper, and in Wyandotte, where he resided. Just over the line from Kansas City, he was the leader of a local temperance society. For over a year Field, on coming down to the paper to go to work, would write a personal concerning Ferguson. Generally it ran like this: "Mr. John Ferguson, the well known 'makeup' of the Times composing room, appeared for work yesterday evening in his usual beastly state of intoxication." This entertaining bit Field would send down in a bundle of copy, and the others of the composing room would set it up and say nothing.

Poor Ferguson knew that this awful personal was in their midst and every night would go carefully over every galley for the purpose of locating and killing it. It gave him a lot of trouble. Every now and then Field would hot wire his personal about Ferguson, and then the bewildered Ferguson was worse off than ever. As long as he could not find it Field might still be there. It almost drove the poor man off the paper. Now and then it escaped his eagle eye and was set up, and the next morning Ferguson's burglers were beyond the power of even a Christian spirit to bear.

Old Medicine.

The following are among some of the curative cures prescribed by the medical authorities of early times, as given by Dr. Hugo Magnus in his book, "Superstition in Medicine."

Remedy Against Bellyache: "Take the heart from the living heart and wear it as an amulet at the left thigh."—Alexander of Tralles.

Remedy Against Epilepsy: Advised by the Physician, Moschion, Diorthotes, Alexander of Tralles, Book I, Chapter XV, page 570): "The forehead of an ass tied to the skin of the patient and worn."

"Gather iris, peonies and nightshade when the moon is in the wane, pack them into linen and wear as an amulet.' Advised by the magician Osthanes, Alexander of Tralles, Book I, Chapter XV, page 560.

The Australian Natives.

An English author writes of the Australian natives: "Between tribe and tribe war for purposes of territorial aggrandizement is unknown. They may fight about women or in the blood feud, for, as nobody is supposed to die a natural death, every death is thought to be caused by hostile magic. Fights are not now resolutely waged, but merely to draw first blood, as a rule, and, as there are no conquests, there are no slaves and very little material progress. There are no hereditary chiefs, though among some socially advanced tribes a kind of magistracy or a 'moderatorship' of local groups in the tribal general assembly is hereditary in the male line."

A Good Word For Tobacco.

A nobleman that was extreamly fat was reduc'd to an ordinary Size by chewing Tobacco, which also does good in an Asthma. 'Tis of great use in Camps, where there is many times Scarcity of Victuals and Cholicks and the like.—"Compleat Herbal," 1654.

Understood of Slippers.

Slippers play an important part in the life of almost every man. In childhood they are laid on him; in manhood, just after he has been married, they are thrown after him, and for a considerable part of the rest of his life they are under him.

A Pleasant Frolic.

After the dissipated Duke of Wharton had been narrating his frolics Dean Swift said to him: "My lord, let me recommend one more to you. Take a frolic to be good. Rely upon it, you will find it the pleasantest frolic you ever engaged in."

The usual fortune of complaint is to excite contempt more than pity.—Johnson.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

THE CRESCENT SYMBOL.

How It Came to Be Adopted by the Mohammedans.

The crescent symbol of the Mohammedans has nothing to do with their peculiar religious customs and ceremonies. It was not originally a symbol of the followers of Mohammed at all, but was first used by the Byzantines. Thousands of coins have been found in all parts of Turkey which date back to the time when Constantinople was known as Byzantium, and on each of these the symbol of the crescent appears, proving conclusively that it was in use as an emblem among the people of that region long before Byzantium was overthrown and its name changed to Constantinople. The story of the origin of the crescent symbol is as follows: When Philip of Macedonia besieged Byzantium he had planned to storm the city on a certain cloudy night, but before his arrangements were completed the moon shone out and discovered his approach to the besieged citizens, who accordingly marched out and repulsed his forces, something which would have been impossible in the darkness. After that event all Byzantine coins bore the symbol of the crescent moon, which was always alluded to as the "savior of Byzantium."

After many years the hordes under Mohammed II. captured Constantinople. At that time the crescent was used everywhere and upon everything. Suspecting that there must be magical power in the emblem, the Mohammedans appropriated it and have since used it as their only symbolic decoration.

A DROP OF WATER.

It Has a History That Is Full of the Wonders of Romance.

Water that is now in the ocean and in the river has been many times in the sky. The history of a single drop taken out of a glass of water is really a romantic one. No traveler has ever accomplished such distances in his life. That particle may have reflected the palm trees of coral islands and have caught the sun ray in the arch that spans a cloud clearing away from the valleys of Cumberland or California.

It may have been carried by the gulf stream from the shore of Florida or of Cuba to be turned into a crystal of ice beside the precipices of Spitzbergen. It may have hovered over the streets of London and have formed a part of murky fog and have glistened on the young grass blade of April in Irish fields. It has been lifted up to heaven and sailed in great wool pack clouds across the sky, forming part of a cloud, mountain echoing with thunder. It has hung in a heavy veil many miles above the earth at the close of long seasons of still weather. It has descended many times over in showers to refresh the earth, and has sparkled and bubbled in mossy fountains in every country in Europe.

And it has returned to its native skies, having accomplished its purpose, to be stored once again with electricity to give it new life giving qualities and apply it as heaven's messenger to earth once more.

The Roman Climate.

Gales are very rare in Rome and never blow with extreme violence. The most striking peculiarity of the Roman climate is the absence of high winds. The air is pure and clear, owing to the almost complete absence of smoke, even in the winter months. The average yearly movement of the air is only five miles an hour. This is of enormous advantage in winter, since the "tramontana" (north wind), which is the prevailing wind in this season, is, if strong, decidedly cold and bracing, but when under eight miles an hour is delightful for most people, including invalids. The south winds are essentially sea breezes. They frequently alternate with the tramontana. The sirocco (southeast wind), which fortunately does not often blow, is moist and enervating. It gives rise to languor in most individuals.

A Story of Blaine.

James G. Blaine made his first appearance on the stump in the canvass in Maine in 1856. He went to Farmington to hear Senator William Pitt Fessenden speak and with no intention to speak himself. But Mr. Fessenden did not arrive on time, and some of his Augusta friends put Blaine forward to take the platform. He likened his situation to that of a farmer who had a horse for which he asked $500. A horse trader offered him $75 for the animal. "It's an awful drop," said the farmer, "but I'll take it." The story took and so did the speech that followed.

Modesty.

True modesty is a discerning grace and only blushes in the proper place, but counterfeit is blind and skulks through fear, where 'tis a shame to be ashamed t' appear; humility, the parent of the first, the last by vanity produced and nurs't.—Cowper.

Full of Grit.

"Fifty miles an hour, now," hissed the daring motorist as he gripped the steering wheel still more firmly. "Are you brave enough to stand it?"

"Yes; I am full of grit," replied the pretty girl as she swallowed another pint of dust.

Conversation.

The reason why so few people are agreeable in conversation is that each is thinking more of what he is intending to say than of what others are saying, and we never listen when we are planning to speak.—Rochefoucauld.

That which is reasonable and that which is unreasonable have both to encounter the like contradiction.—Goethe.

Man Zan Pile Remedy comes put up in a collapsible tube with a nozzle. Easy to apply right where soreness and inflammation exists. It relieves at once blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles. Guaranteed. Price 50 cents. Get it to-day. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Slate Lick.
State Senator—G. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. P. Habgood, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Treasurer—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Kaufman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Gridley, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
County Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. L. Grimes, East Smethport.
Coroner—S. M. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hayes, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—J. F. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; A. A. Abbey, Alfred Hagberg, G. H. Denning, F. L. Sherburne, E. E. Heath, H. D. Shaw.
Justices—S. L. Knapp, H. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, treas.; W. F. Specht, sec'y; John B. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—H. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, H. E. Tull, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. R. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly; E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 368, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 383, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

G. R. DENNING, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 337, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

L. R. HOGARTH, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month, at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

E. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE FRIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Keene Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
R. C. GILLETTE, R. K.

Jr. O. U. A. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday evenings.

ELIZABETH KOEHLER, Com.
BELLE EVANS, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 321 meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Bacon block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday, 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. K. A. BAKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 23, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y

Phoenix Chapter, No. 143, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. E. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 8 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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Buck Briggs' Slowness.

By LULU JOHNSTON.

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Sally loitered along looking into the shop windows. All the hot day she had bent over the clacking machine until eyes and back and head alike ached from the noise and strain. The other girls had hurried from the shop when the gong had struck. Some of them had engagements for trolley rides for the evening and were in a hurry to be dressed and off. Others made haste to reach home for supper. Sally had neither of these reasons for haste. Her thin, white face did not attract the few men she knew. They never invited her anywhere, and the streets were at least cooler than the stuffy little room that she called home.

She knew that presently she must make her coffee and fry her single chop over the tiny oil stove that filled the room with the reeking odor of oil, but by walking slowly she delayed that time as long as possible.

She gave a little gasp as she came before the installment bazaar windows. Instead of the rolls of wall paper and carpets, the "nobby" parlor sets and iron bedsteads, the four big windows of the store were "all up" to represent the four *rooms of a flat*, a card in each window stating the cost of the equipment to be $40 down and $5 a month for an unspecified time.

Sally passed from the plush elegance of the parlor to the simplicity of the bedroom and the cozy dining room with a roll sideboard, but it was against the glass inclosing the kitchen that she flattened her pudgy nose for longest.

The domestic instinct was strong within her, and the many enameled pots and pans, the glitter of the white china and the plated knives and forks fascinated her. If she only had a kitchen like that, instead of the *gas burners* of stove on the soap box at the *foot of her hall way out*. She drew her breath sharply and exhaled it in a long sigh.

"Nice, ain't it?" Sally looked up in alarm, but the voice was kind in the appearance of the man at her side to cause alarm. His twinkling eyes were [illegible] and not a line of his ruddy, freckled face was sinister. That he was not "stuck" on the street at a glance, and Sally smiled an assent to his question.

"I bet a girl who knows how to cook could get a fine husband in a kitchen like that," he said, a shade of wistfulness in his hearty voice. "If I knew one, by jinks, I'd try that."

"Huh!" Sally's voice was scornful. She could understand why none of the men at the shop asked her out to trolley rides and things, but for this great, strong fellow to admit his inability to find a sweetheart was absurd.

"It ain't so easy," declared the other hotly. "I ain't much with girls. They like fellows better what can dance and say fool things. I ain't never learned either."

"Then you ought to begin now," sniffed Sally as she moved away. The man made as though he would follow, but the broad shoulders hunched together despondently, and he returned to his inspection of the kitchen.

But now he could also see the mistress of the apartment, a slender wisp of a girl, the sort of woman a man wants to take in his arms and cuddle. To him Sally's wan face was beautiful, her thinness elegance. Buck Briggs had met his fate.

The next evening Sally, coming slowly down the street, found him in front of the window again and passed on with only the *faintest glance* of longing at the shining kitchen. If he had any idea that she remembered him he should see that he was mistaken. Buck looked disappointed, but he followed on to the dreary pile that Sally called home.

She did not see him as, with lagging feet, she ascended the high stoop and climbed the five flights that led to her attic room, but Buck crossed quickly to the opposite side of the street and rang the bell, for his eyes had caught the sign announcing that furnished rooms were to be had, and that night he slept under the same roof.

He was on the steps the following night when Sally came along, pretending a tremendous interest in the scene before him. He nodded as the girl came up the steps and pulled off his cloth cap.

"Say, d'you want to ride out to the park after you eat your supper?" he asked bashfully. "I'm livin' here now," he added, as though that constituted a proper introduction.

For a moment Sally hesitated with the feminine instinct to be hardly won, but the afternoon had been excessively hot, and to-day she had drooped over the machine. The foreman had been kept busy with smelling salts and water, for the girls had suffered terribly.

With an easy gesture Buck thrust his hand in his pocket and rattled three nickels and a dime against the quarter and half dollar, but it was not this so much as the thought of her room that decided Sally. With a nod and "I'll be down soon," she hurried up the steep flights.

She munched the bread and smoked sausage she had brought home with her while she hurried about her dressing. There was a clean waist she was saving for Sunday and a broad crimson ribbon that brought a touch of color to her face. The rest of the transformation was worked in her face through the thought that she was to have an escort.

Buck lolled as she came through the grim doorway. His startled "You are all right, sis," was uncouth enough, but it was the first compliment Sally had ever received, and she smiled radiantly upon her cavalier.

The ride to the park was a trip to fairyland after the clatter of the machinery and the heat of the operating room. Buck beamed when she declined his offer to find a partner for her to dance with, and they sat listening to the music and watching the dancers while Sally sipped her lemon soda and Buck his beer. Twice he treated her to ice cream when some of the other girls were near, and under the warming influence of his admiration Sally's wan face became transformed, and even one of the shipping clerks stopped to speak a few words to her.

Recurrently she turned away when Buck declared that it was time to go and that they know how to get home again. She could have stayed there until the lights were put out, but Buck was not minded to get her home too much sleep, and they caught a car before the crowd was ready to start back to the city.

He gave a signal to the conductor before they reached their corner, and Sally followed him protestingly from the car.

"I know we didn't home yet," he admitted, "but I want to show you something."

He took her arm through his and led her to the windows of the [illegible] upon Fulton avenue.

"Pretty, ain't it?" he asked, in unconscious repetition of their first [illegible]. "Say, I know a girl that [illegible] and get it easy, see. If you're [illegible] Then she'll [illegible] What do you say, Sally girl? Don't you [illegible] I bet you're [illegible] about it?"

"Me?" Sally's voice was awed. "Why, Buck, you ain't known me more'n three days."

"That's enough," he declared. "I know you enough to know you're the girl I want. You said the other night I was slow, I ain't so slow when the right girl comes along. Will you make it a go, dearest? Honest, I love you."

Sally's starved little heart swelled with emotion. Her colorless life had suddenly grown rosy. Those two east-ways of the city had found each other, and love had followed quickly.

"You ain't slow for a cent," she conceded admiringly. "Say, Buck, that kitchen's most as lovely as the park."

"Then it's 'yes?'" he demanded, as his breath came quickly.

"Stupid," said Sally, but it sounded like a caress, and Buck understood.

SALLY LOOKED UP IN ALARM.

Kingly Titles.

The king of Ava is called "the king of kings, whose all other sovereigns do worship the preservation of all animals; the regulator of the seasons; the master of the sea's ebb and flow; brother to the sun; lord of the moon; king of the twenty-four umbrellas."

The king of the little principality of N'Sredu is addressed by his eleven courtiers on state occasions as "sovereign of the universe, whose body is as luminous as the sun, whom God created to be as accomplished as the moon at her full, whose eyes glitter like the north star, a king as spiritual as a ball is round; he who when he rises shades all the people of the earth."

The maharajah of Kapurthala is officially known as "emperor of the earth, possessor of the white elephant, owner of the two earrings, legitimate heir of Pegu and Brahma, ruler of the twelve provinces of the world, master of the twelve kings, lord of all."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Degraded Tea Drinking.

It would not be quite correct to say that tea drinking was ever actually illegal in Britain, but serious attempts were made to stop its consumption by prohibitive duties and popular prejudice. It appears to have been first publicly sold in England as a decoction at Garraway's coffee house, in Exchange alley. A duty of 18 pence per gallon was then put on the decoction, and this was subsequently changed for one of 5 shillings a pound on the leaf. Its qualities were little known, and agitations were attempted with the object of getting its consumption made illegal. The practice of tea drinking, however, spread rapidly, especially among ladies, but popular prejudice was still very strong against it, and to ask for a cup of tea after dinner, instead of wine, was to incur the suspicion of being addicted to an unhealthy and degrading habit.—London Mail.

WATER WAS NOT POPULAR.

Some Queer Views of Its Use Three Centuries Ago.

It needed a very bold man to resist the medical testimony of three centuries ago against water drinking. Few writers can be found to say a good word for it. One or two only are consulted to maintain that, "when begun in early life, it may be freely drunk with impunity," and they quote the curious instance given by Sir Thomas Elyot in his "Castle of Health," 1541, of the Cornishmen, "many of the poorer sort, which never, or very seldom, drink any other drink, be notwithstanding strong of body and like and live well until they be of great age." Thomas Cogan, the medical schoolmaster of Manchester fame, confessed in his "Haven of Health," 1589, designed for the use of students, that he knew some who drink cold water at night or fasting in the morning without hurt, and Dr. James Hart, writing about fifty years later, could even claim among his acquaintance "some honorable and worshipful ladies who drink little other drink, and yet enjoy *more perfect health than most of them* that drink the strongest." The phenomenon was undeniable, but the natural inference was none the less to be resisted.

Sir Thomas Elyot himself is very certain, in spite of the Cornishmen, that "there be in water causes of divers diseases, as of swelling of the spleen and liver." He complains oddly also that "it shitteth and swimmeth," and concludes that "to young men, and them that be of hot complexions, it doeth less harm, and sometimes it profiteth, but to them that are feeble, old and melancholy it is not convenient." "Water is *not wholesome* per se by itself," for an Englishman, was the version of Andrew Borde—monk, physician, bishop, ambassador and writer on sanitation—as the result of a life's experience. And to crown the Englishman's doctors:

Both water and small beer, we make account
Are enemies to health and good digestion.

But the most fatal indictment against water is that of Vernet, who, writing in 1622, ponderously pronounces "to dwellers in cold countries it doth very greatly defect their appetites, destroy the natural heat and overthrow the strength of the stomach."—London Telegraph.

Unconscious of Fame.

George Grote, the famous author of the "History of Greece" long the standard on that subject, was a man of great simplicity and was wholly unconscious of his own celebrity. Several anecdotes illustrative of this fact are given in "Some Famous Women of Wit and Beauty," one of which is Mrs.

While Mr. Grote was walking in the park he would perhaps notice that one or two persons looked at him with some attention. He would in turn look to his wife in surprise.

"Have I got any dirt on my face, Harriet? Is there anything peculiar with my hat?" and he would put his head gear with both hands.

"Why are those people looking at me?"

Mrs. Grote's proud answer was, "Because you are George Grote, dear child."

Once when he was on a visit to Cambridge Grote wished to see the professor of natural history, but was told that the professor was so busy dissecting something that he could not be interrupted, "strong magnifying power, powerful light, short sleeves are cannot be bothered with anybody." The modest historian would have retired, but his wife persisted that it was Mr. Grote who wished to see the professor.

"What?" he cried. "Mr. Grote? Give me my coat. I must wash my hands." In a minute he had *transformed* himself and would not let them go for two hours.

The Size of Eve.

The Talmud says (see Baring-Gould's "Legends of the Patriarchs and Prophets") that Adam was "so tall he could stand with his feet on the earth and his head in heaven," and that "God pressed him down at the time of the fall." The Arabs say that Adam was 312 feet high, and that Eve was exactly 2½ feet from the soles of her feet to the crown of her head. These same people also claim that Eve's tomb may now be seen at Jiddah, a seaport of Mecca, and that its great size (206½ feet in length and 17½ in breadth) bears them out in the assertion that she was the most gigantic woman the earth has ever known or will ever know. On each 3d of June, the anniversary of the death of Abel, according to Arabian tradition, the door of the temple which has been built at the entrance to this gigantic tomb of our first mother stays open all night in spite of the efforts of the keepers to close it, and the most terrible cries of anguish issue from the sepulcher of the giantess, who has been sleeping more than 6,000 years.

Influence of the Home.

Government is made out of the character of the home. The scheme of civilization which makes the home great will make the nation great. The struggle and the purpose of the ages has been to make man independent and responsible in his home life to make the home a complete civilization in itself, where there is law and order and obedience, education, charity and religion. A man believing in the great purpose of his life determined to make the best of himself with what he has within his reach and to gather within the reach of his wife and child what shall give them a better chance to grow—an inspiration to go forward—and the home—the sweet influence of woman presiding there over the garden of the heart out from which springs all that is beautiful.—Schoolmaster.

Pineules for the kidneys strengthen these organs and assist in drawing poison from the blood. Try them for rheumatism, kidney, bladder trouble, for lumbago and tired worn out feeling. They bring quick relief. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwicks Palace Pharmacy, Smethport. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Isabel's Mission

By ANNE HEILMAN.

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"It's no use talking to me," Isabel exclaimed. "My mind is fully made up."

Jim rose and, limping slowly over to where the girl sat, stood looking down upon her intently. She shifted uncomfortably under his gaze and finally slipped from her chair and fled ignominiously to the farthest window, where, she felt sure, Jim, suffering from his swollen ankle, would not follow her.

"And, besides," she continued loftily as he subsided into the chair she had vacated—"besides, I have no intention of ever marrying. I feel that I have a mission which is altogether too important—"

"Huh!"

"Oh, of course you are shocked—scandalized, in fact. Tom and Sally were both seemingly outraged when I told them what I had decided on. Every one seems to think it's plainly a girl's mission in life to marry the first man who condescends to ask her, but I have entirely different ideas on the subject, and I really feel that it is my mission to go and help teach those poor, ignorant Chinese—"

"To lie and chant allee same Melican man instead of guileless heathen."

Jim Benson had never before proposed to a girl, and her calm refusal hurt.

"Where are you going?" he asked presently as Miss Amber in hurrying skirts commenced to pin on her hat.

"To the postoffice, Jeff. The letter announcing my appointment has certainly arrived by this time."

"You surely ain't going to attempt to ride over to Klown and back today?"

"I surely am."

"But look at the weather! Can't you see there's a storm coming?"

"No, I cannot," answered Isabel, doubling a light jacket. "The day is beautiful."

"Wait until tomorrow, and one of the boys can go. And, besides, Tom has taken your pony out on the range. There ain't a horse left that you can ride."

"I intend to ride Firefly," said Miss Amber shortly.

"I don't attempt to ride that cayuse," warned Jim. He made a futile effort to use his ankle to take the fur in his teeth any old time and go hoofing after any stray horse he'd spy grazing on the range. "He ain't got a lick of sense, and he's mean, too. He'll pitch you off as the mood strikes him. And there's a blizzard coming, and it's—"

"As I said before," replied Miss Amber, "the day is perfect—a little hazy, but that is caused by smoke. I really have seen as little as one could wish. He says he—"

"Some people suppose to have as little knowledge about weather and horses as they have common sense," returned Jim in no genial tone.

"Well, as the weather and horses and cattle evidently comprise the extent of a cow puncher's knowledge one ought not to be expected to excel them in *their limited sphere*," answered the girl tauntingly as she abruptly left the room.

The air was deliciously fresh and clear. Not the slightest indication of a storm, and it's as warm as one could wish," Isabel murmured to herself as she cantered blithely along the deeply marked trail. "How contrary a man is if he's thwarted in any little thing! And Tom and his wife are just as unreasonable. They think I ought to consider myself in great luck to marry a prosperous cattleman and settle down as his nearest neighbor. Well, I must admit I'll hate to leave them so soon. How quickly these two months have passed! I never thought I would like Colorado so well," glancing approvingly around the undulating country. "How near the mountains seem! Yes, it's big and free and inspiring, but it's not for me," and she sighed unconsciously.

Absorbed with her meditations, Isabel failed to notice that a misty veil was suddenly drawn before the far foothills. She was rudely brought to a realization of her whereabouts as the storm swooped down upon her malignantly. Firefly was aimlessly picking his way up the side of a decidedly unfamiliar looking hill. Not a sign of the trail was to be seen. "And it was so plain a child could follow it," his rider dolefully reflected.

The earth became blanketed with white, and surrounding objects grew dimmer. It was a new world—a threatening, confusing, shifting white world.

At the top of the hill they met the full fury of the first blizzard of the season.

"Joe was certainly right about the weather," Isabel admitted shiveringly, "but he was entirely wrong about Firefly. He behaves admirably. It was not his fault that we are lost. He hasn't the slightest disposition to buck"—

The storm gave a whistling shriek. Suddenly there was a tumultuous upheaval of something somewhere—a brief, breathless sensation of flying through the air—and then a snowdrift received Miss Amber into its downy embrace.

It was a horrible shock. Isabel did not cry. She was too stunned and humiliated for that. To think that Firefly would pitch her off and abandon her on this desolate hill! She had not the slightest idea of what direction to take and wandered dumbly what she should do. Presently she heard the muffled trampling of hoofs and discovered a horse and rider rapidly bearing down upon her. Not relishing the possibility of being run down she struggled to her feet and uttered a belated but frightened shriek.

"Isabel," called out Jim's voice as he reined in his horse close beside her, "are you all right?"

"Oh, yes, I'm all right," she answered sarcastically, shaking the snow from her skirts, "but where's my horse?"

"Pretty nigh home by this time if he keeps up the lick he was going. Lucky I saw him tearing down the hill or I'd never have thought to look for you up here. Put on this coat and wrap this scarf over your ears. Now, climb on that rock and get up behind me."

"Dock won't carry double," said Isabel argumentatively.

"He'll have to this time," said Jim firmly, reining up close to a low boulder. "Come here and climb on behind. Now put your arms around me—whoa!" as Dock pitched violently and Isabel for the second time was hurled into a bed of snow.

She could hear the swish of Jim's quirt bringing swift retribution to Dock as Jim again forced him close to the rock.

"You're not hurt, Isabel?" anxiously. "Come on and try it again."

"No, I'm not hurt," reproachfully, "but I prefer to walk," starting off valiantly.

"Isabel, if you walk, I'll walk!" Jim's voice was as decided as her own.

"Oh, just as you please," she replied, trudging obstinately forward.

Jim swung down, took one stride toward her, then wavered and clutched the saddle.

The girl caught her breath sharply.

"Why, you can't walk!" she cried penitently. "I forgot about your lame ankle!"

"Will you ride then?" Jim's face was white, but he would not give in.

"Yes—oh, yes! Don't stand there and look like that! Why did you venture on horseback? You know the doctor forbade it."

"I'd like to know what would have become of you if I hadn't come! Now come on."

Jim slowly recognized and rode to the bewilder whose Isabel meekly followed, [illegible] despite [illegible] desperately in endeavor to [illegible] Jim's warning [illegible]

"This [illegible] a fault?" asked Jim after a [illegible] silence, blissful realization of [illegible] his arms.

Isabel, [illegible] to reply, certainly [illegible] assertion. She [illegible] in that [illegible] charge of the Sol, she [illegible] to [illegible] her feet [illegible] Jim to [illegible] [illegible] supply [illegible] [illegible] the broad [illegible] of [illegible] pursuit.

"The storm's lifting," Jim remarked. "We'll be home in a little while now."

"What's that?" said Jack lifting his head.

"Jim I'm awfully sorry."

"Sorry? Because we're almost home? Say!"

The undoubted sincerity of his tone aroused Isabel's fighting contrary.

"Oh, Jim, I'm sorry I said I knew more about horses and the weather than you did—and because you had to come after me and—hurt your foot, and—"

"Anything else?"

"Yes; I'm sorry for what I said about cow punchers and—and—everything."

Jim managed to turn around enough to catch a glimpse of her face.

"Isabel, look here, You know what I asked you before you started out on your wild goose chase. Have you got a different answer now?"

There was no escape.

"Er—y-e-s"—

"And have you got any message to go and fetch the heathen Chinese?"

"No—that is—I"—

Jim frowned impressively.

"And you're stuck there behind me where I can't—steady, now, Dock! Reach around here and kiss me, Isabel. If you don't I'll set Dock to bucking again."

Isabel, thus intimidated, made haste to obey.

A Specimen of Italian Humor.

The following story is typical of one kind of Italian humor: Fusolacci was a young idler. He had been spending money right and left, and one day found himself unable to pay his hotel bill. His father being very close with his money, he appealed to his uncle in this wise:

Dear Uncle—If you could see my shame while I write, you would pity me. Do you know why? Because I have to write for 100 francs and know not how to express my humble gratitude.

No, it is impossible to tell you; I prefer to die.

I send you this by a messenger who awaits an answer.

Believe me, dear uncle, to be your most obedient and affectionate nephew,

FASOLACCI.

P. S.—Overcome with shame for what I have written, I have been running after the messenger in order to take the letter, but I could not catch up. Heaven grant that something may happen to stop him or that this letter may get lost!

Touched by this appeal, the uncle replied:

My Beloved Nephew—Console yourself and blush no longer. Providence heard your prayer. The messenger lost your letter.

Goodby. Your affectionate uncle,

ARISTIPPO.

Asleep in the Deep.

When the coast erosion commissioners visited Walton, on the Naze, recently they were shown a spot north of the pier and about a mile from the shore which was formerly a churchyard. A quarter of a century ago the tombstones could be seen under the water at ebb tide, but since then the sea has further encroached, and even when the tide is extraordinarily low and the sea clear the old burying ground is scarcely discernible from the sea level.—London News.

Piles get quick and certain relief from Dr. Sheop's Magic Ointment. Please note it is made alone for Piles and its action is positive and certain. Itching painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Large nickle-capped glass jars 50 cents. Sold by all dealers.

FREAK SCHEMES.

Novel English Suggestions For the Relief of the Unemployed.

At a meeting of unemployed held recently in Manchester a speaker suggested that the government should commence tunneling to the most northerly part of the world—the north pole. It would provide labor, he said, for years and years. If Great Britain were to subscribe several hundreds of millions of pounds it might be possible to construct a tunnel through some 300 miles of snow in a century or two, but it is permissible to wonder whether the country would be able to foot the bill without breaking down altogether.

A novel suggestion for employing the unemployed was made by Jules Braile, a Belgian living in London, in 1848, when distress among the working classes was particularly rife in this country. This gentleman approached Lord John Russell, the then prime minister, and said that the government should set the unemployed digging a gigantic hole, three miles in circumference, straight down through the center of England. After the hole had been sunk to a depth of several miles Jules Braile declared that so much subterranean heat would be available that the country would be placed far beyond all other manufacturing nations, but in exactly what way he was unable to point out.

A member of the Poplar borough council once suggested that the government should aid the unemployed by starting to build a road right round the coasts of England and Scotland. Naturally enough, the government would not listen to such a scheme. They considered as wild and impracticable as one suggested to them by an old gentleman a little time previously. This man wanted the government to marshal all the unemployed in London and the provinces in brigades and employ them in sowing mountain sides in various parts of the country. The walls were to be of sufficient height to arrest the clouds, in this way the rainfall would be modified, and hundreds of acres of waste land would be rendered fit for cultivation.

A little while back another crank suggested that all the unemployed should be taken over to the Sahara desert and set to work to convert that giant blot upon the map into an inland sea by cutting a number of canals. If this were done, he said, ships would be able to sail down to fertile regions now unapproachable and which must be worth hundreds of millions of pounds.

A labor M. P. suggested at a public meeting some time ago that national workshops should be established in every city in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales wherein any man could obtain work and good wages as a matter of right. There was nothing particularly novel in this suggestion. Municipal workshops were opened in Paris and it was expected that they would solve the unemployed problem. Nothing of the sort were the workshops thrown open than the idle and the unemployed flocked into the capital from every quarter of France and chaos and misery reigned supreme. Under the circumstances the government thought it wise to close the workshops. The result was a riot, in which several thousands of persons were killed and wounded, and nearly $1,500,000 worth of property was destroyed.—London Graphic.

Martyrs to Snoring.

The young bride had a worn and haggard look.

"Doctor," she said, "I am in strange trouble. I have discovered that my husband snores. He snores dreadfully. It is impossible for me to sleep. Since our marriage, over three weeks ago, I haven't had a good night's rest. I fear my health will give way."

The physician smiled sadly.

"The snore is the trouble," he said, "and the trouble it causes to the newly married! If any one could invent a cure for the snore he would grow rich, for every snorer's mate would buy and administer this remedy.

"You, like many another good and pretty girl, have unconsciously wedded a snorer. What are you to do? Well, you have three courses. You may either learn to endure this noise or you may sleep in another room or you may cure the man.

"What you, like other wives, will do is this—I know it well: You will learn, after unspeakable torment, to sleep through all those gurgles and snorts and yowls that now lacerate your nerves. Nearly all wives acquire this *faculty of endurance*, and many husbands also acquire it, for I don't need to tell you that snoring is not confined exclusively to one sex."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Australian Slang.

"Bushranger"—an instance of Australian slang—is a curious case of verbal degradation. From an etymological point of view there is no reason why bushranger should not be as respectable a word as parkranger. In the early Australian newspapers such advertisements as "Wanted, a good bushranger" were quite common. The word then meant an experienced bushman. But when the bush became the refuge of robbers of banks and mail coaches and lucky diggers, the word acquired the sinister meaning that it now possesses—brigand, outlaw, desperado.

A "swagman" or "swagsie" (so called from the "swag," or personal luggage, wrapped up in a blanket strapped to his back), is a genuine Australian traveler in search of work, but a "sundowner" is the antipodean professional tramp. The "sundowner" strolls from one squatter's station to another, always taking care to arrive at sunset, for it is the traditional practice of Australian squatters to give food and shelter to all comers for the night.

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THE LOAF OF BREAD.

Superstitions of Many Lands Connected Therewith.

THE CROSS UPON THE LOAF.

Survival of an Old Pagan Custom. What a Crack Across the Loaf Means—The Oven a Sacred Object. Omens on Birth, Marriage and Death.

One morning one summer, when I was spending a few days at a farmhouse in eastern Ohio, the good housewife showed that she was troubled. Naturally I inquired the cause. "Oh," she said, "I'm afraid something dreadful will happen. This morning I put a batch of bread into the oven, and all the loaves except one cracked across the top."

"What if they did?" I replied in tones of curiosity.

"Don't you know," she said, with an air of surprise, "that when bread cracks across the top it means misfortune to some one in the family? I would not have had it happen for the world."

As I left a few days after this mishap to the bread I never learned whether the sign was a true omen or not. However, the housewife had contributed to my stock of information and had given me an item of folklore that led to further investigation.

One of my German friends tells me that in many parts of his native country the housewife still believes that cracks on the top of the loaf of bread indicate the death of some one in the household or perhaps misfortune to a dear friend, while cracks on the lower side of the bread are taken to indicate a birth.

As many of us know, bakers in many places mark the sign of a cross upon the dough before placing it in the oven. The reason for making this sign becomes plain when we know the origin of the custom. Almost all our superstitions about bread date back to old pagan days, though they have been greatly modified so as to conform to Christian beliefs. With the ancient Romans the baking of bread and cakes was often invested with a religious significance, especially the cakes offered to the gods and goddesses. These cakes were prepared in a particular way, and after being marked with the symbol of the deity in whose honor they were offered they were supposed to possess supernatural virtues.

The old domestic practice was modified when Christianity became triumphant, and in place of a pagan symbol the early Christian housewife not only used to make the sign of the cross when she began to knead the dough, but she marked that sign upon her loaf before placing it in the oven. Why? Simply because the sign of the cross is the recognized Christian protecting mark against the attacks of evil spirits, witches and the like; hence bread marked with the cross is supposed to be witchproof, will bake all right, not crack across the top, etc.

Just as the Jews have passover cakes and other peoples have had specially prepared food for their religious festivals, so the Christians have cakes for certain seasons. Our hot cross buns on Good Friday are simply modern representatives of the cakes used at some old pagan festival.

In truth, to study the superstitions about bread is to take a wide lesson in folklore. These superstitions relate to the kneading trough, the oven, bakers and bread. For instance, in many parts of France the arche, or kneading trough, is more than a rude kitchen utensil. It is often a pretty bit of furniture. M. Sebillot, who collected many of the superstitions of the French folk relative to bread, quotes the story of a thief who entered the window of a house with intent to commit burglary, but refused to step on the trough still containing the dough, believing that to do so would be an impiety.

A writer in an English magazine says that in Gottland the cross is still signed before the oven fire is lighted or the dough kneaded. This practice is very common in the country districts all over Europe. In Brittany the housewife makes the sign of the cross with the right hand while she places the left hand in the trough. After the dough is kneaded, the lid of the trough is shut, and so is the door, for if the cat should enter the room the bread would not rise. Certain charms or invocations are used to cause the bread to multiply itself. Thus the peasant housewife adjures the dough to imitate the leaven, the wheat the miller and to rise. She would be very angry if any one should sing or whistle in the room while she is making the loaf.

In some parts of Europe the bake oven is almost a sacred object. In certain places of Brittany, for example, it is dedicated with ceremonies. The wood is sprinkled with blessed water. The proper heat is attested by the melting of a bottle, and finally an egg is broken for luck. Besides, there are certain days on which bread must not be baked, as on Holy Friday or during the night of All Saints, when the ghosts would be sure to eat it.

The loaf of bread itself is connected with a whole crowd of superstitions. According to an old English superstition, if a loaf accidentally parts in the hand while an unmarried lady is cutting it this may be taken to indicate either that she will not be married during the next twelve months, or, what is worse, that there will be dissensions of some kind in the family. Some folks have a fear of turning a loaf upside down after cutting it. Of course it is everywhere recarded as bad luck for a piece of bread to fall on the buttered side.—New York Post.

THE NIMBLE KLIPSPRINGER.

An African Antelope With Hips Like an American Rabbit.

The klipspringer is a kind of antelope found in Africa, being abundant in the mountainous regions as far north as Abyssinia, and, if South African sportsmen are to be believed, it furnishes the finest kind of venison. These animals are about forty-two inches long and twenty-two inches high, and the males have sharp spike horns, sometimes five inches long. These animals are remarkable climbers, running on the tips of their hoofs and going up rock faces apparently as steep as the side of a house. The hoofs are made on the pneumatic principle, being nearly cylindrical and cup shaped underneath, in order to break the fall by compressing the air. The same plan gives an extra firm hold on the rocks.

They are the most remarkably built antelopes, with a hip development equaled by no animal in America save the rabbit, which they resemble so very much that a sportsman seeing them going up a hill or in rapid locomotion might easily think they were the biggest rabbits he had ever heard tell of, let alone seen. The London Field does not say that they sit upon their hind legs, like the rabbit or hare, although it is possible that they do, judging from the hind legs, which, if the animals were to straighten them out, would give them the appearance of a kangaroo on all fours.

Capital sport is to be had hunting these animals. The hunting is, of course, among the rocky hills, and a man who has hunted the mountain sheep successfully would find little trouble in killing them. The shots are taken when the animal stands on some lookout rock. If missed, he bounds from ledge to ledge on which the human eye can mark no footing, bounding at one moment upon the giddy verge of a precipice where barely sufficient space exists for the hoof to rest and at the next moment casting himself recklessly into the bottomless chasm and pitching, as if by a miracle, upon some projecting peak, all of which would make the sportsman think he was having lots of fun, in spite of his efforts to keep from sliding into one of the bottomless canyons.

The animal's fur, or hair, varies somewhat with the regions, being coarse, almost like quills, in Somaliland, and somewhat finer in other parts.

The Flirtation.

He was sitting alone in the room when she entered. She seemed somewhat surprised to see him. However, she did not retire, but stood regarding him doubtfully. The inspection was apparently satisfactory, for she smiled.

He had never seen her before, but he could not help smiling back at her. She was quite pretty, blue eyes, fluffy hair and all that sort of thing.

"You're not afraid of me, are you?" he ventured.

"No," she answered, [illegible] the absurdity.

"Won't you [illegible] and talk to me? I'm so lonely," he felt emboldened to say.

She replied by seating herself at his side and glancing up at him with a roguish twinkle in her eyes. "I really believe you'd be more comfortable on my knee," he whispered.

Without more ado she seated herself on his knee and placed her pretty arm around his neck.

She was really a most charming young lady, and—

"Won't you give me a kiss—just one?" he asked pleadingly.

She looked at him roguishly and nodded assent. Then she nestled up to his cheek and kissed him daintily.

He liked it.

"How old are you?" he asked after a moment. It sounded rude, he knew, but somehow he could not help putting it.

"I'se very nearly free," she replied proudly.—New York Press.

Waiters Get Leg Weary.

"I am going to take a month off, sir," said a waiter in a fashionable New York restaurant. "I have become leg weary."

The patron looked up from his chop in astonishment.

"Leg weary?" he said. "Why, that is a horse's disease, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir; but we waiters get it, too, sometimes."

"How does it affect you?"

"Much the same as it affects a horse, sir. The legs become numb. They don't mind you right. They are apt to crumple under you and let you down. Leg weariness is caused by too much leg work, sir. It is like writers' cramp. From too much writing the hand gives out. From too much trotting the legs give out.

"When a horse gets leg weary they put him to pasture for a month. With my leg weariness I'll sit at home on a rocking chair, and with the papers, my pipe and books I'll take it easy, till my legs tone up again."

Drilling the Ancients.

Disciplined armies are to be traced in the records of all the great nations of antiquity, through Rome, Greece, Persia, Assyria and Egypt. The Egyptian Pharaoh, Rameses II., about 1400 B. C., is credited with the possession of the first disciplined army. Early in life his military experiences with the Arabians taught him the necessity of having troops drilled in the art of war. He established a warrior class, which became the nucleus of an army numbering over [illegible] including infantry, cavalry and war chariots. With this army he is said to have made conquests in Asia from the Ganges to the Caspian, and it seems certain that at any rate it was he who gave Egypt its [illegible] and established the first regularly disciplined army known to history.

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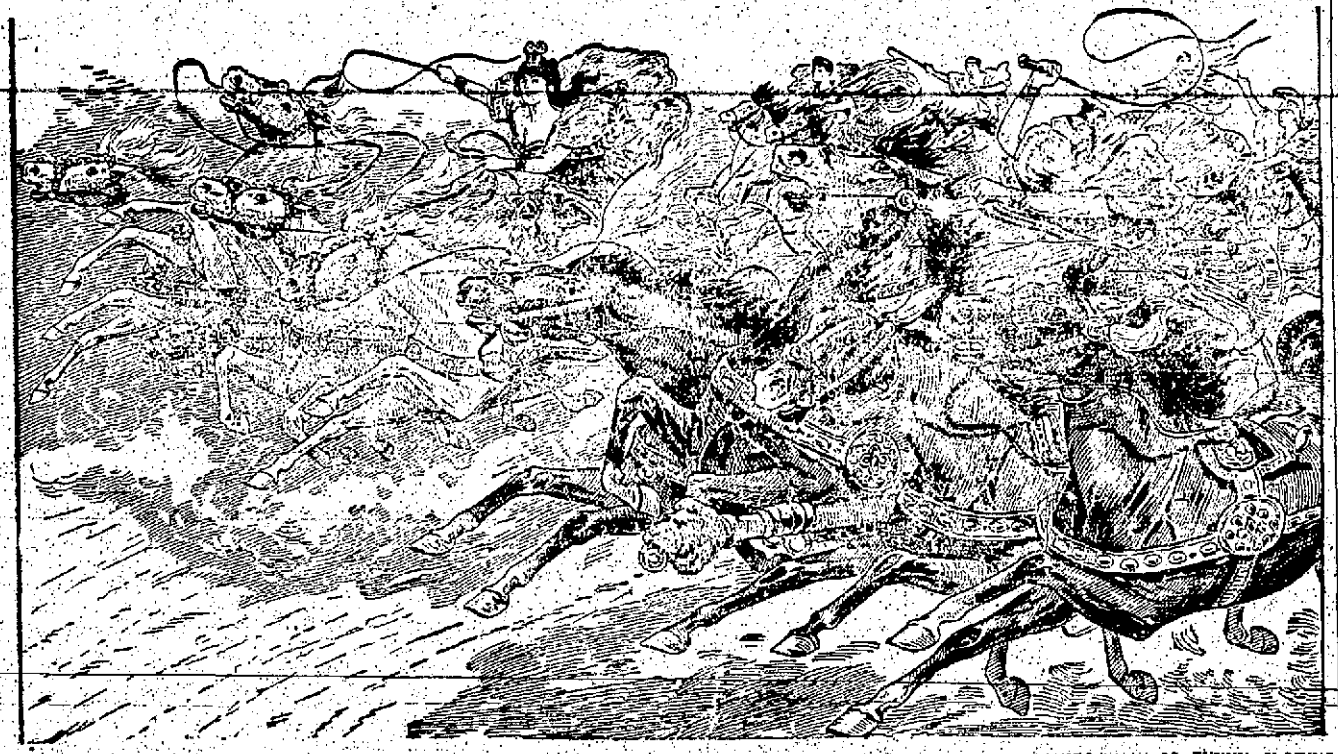

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